

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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HOW THE SWALLOWS CROSSED THE ALPS

MAKE WAY FOR THE SWALLOW THE SORROWS OF OUR TINY FRIENDS

Fine Story of Human Kindness
in a Troubled World

BIRDS BY TRAIN AND PLANE

The story of the salvaged swallows makes happy reading in what just now is a very troubled world.

Their time-table for leaving for the warm southern shores of the Mediterranean was harshly interrupted by the premature arrival of winter in the month of September.

When they should have been assembling for flight, clustering in large companies, perching on the telegraph wires as we often see them in England, or making what appear to be concerted trial flights before their migration, the snows began to gather and the bitter winds began to blow.

Chilled Little Migrants

The winds blew and chilled the little migrants before they were ready to go. All birds are creatures of their own calendar, which they follow with the utmost precision; but when the wintry winds began to extinguish insect life the swallows interpreted this as an unmistakable signal and hastened their preparations for flight.

Their resolution was taken too late. As it grew colder and colder they died fluttering by the wayside in the chilling blast. Then it was that the Viennese Society for the Protection of Birds took up their case. They gathered in all the swallows they could. Already thousands had perished in their instinctive but mistaken effort to cross the high Styrian Alps; but thousands lay weak and helpless on the ground. The society took them in, fed and warmed them, and then attempted to send them on their way to a more congenial clime.

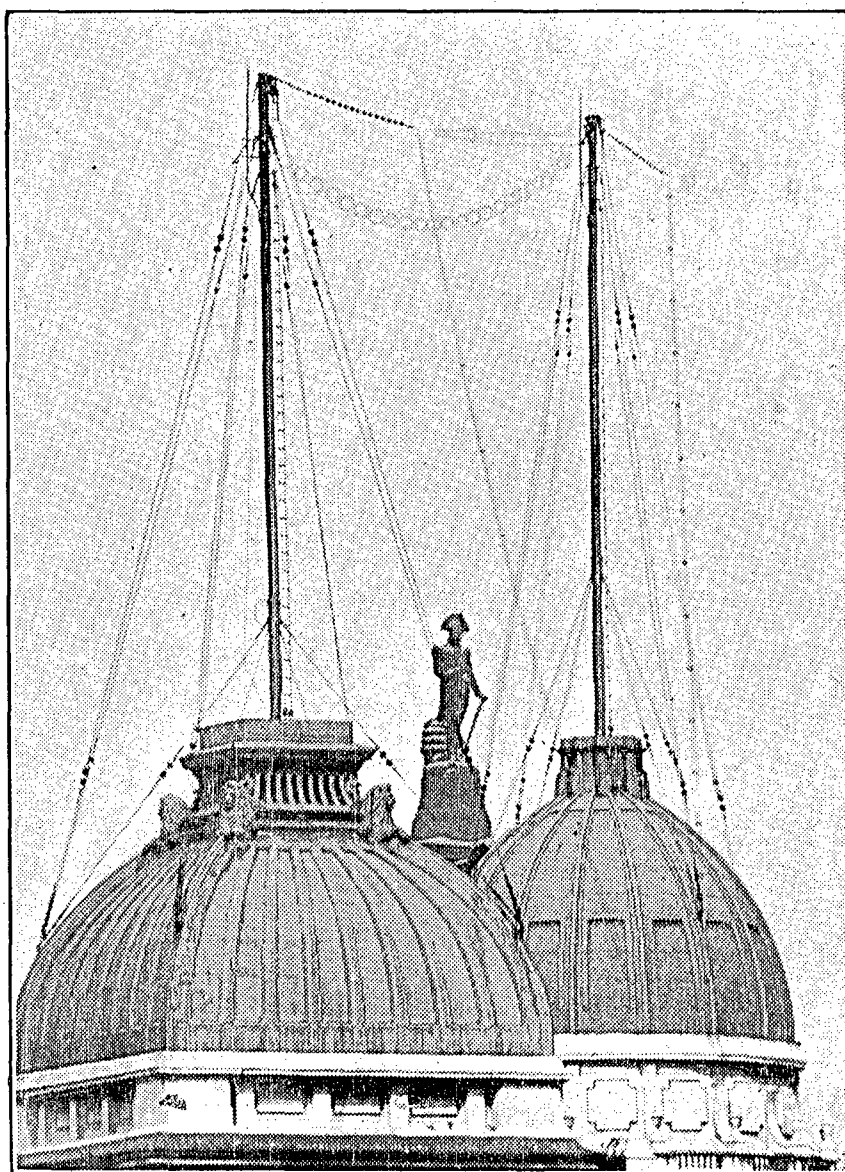
On the Way to Venice

They began by transporting the swallows over the barrier of the Alps by aeroplane. Some years ago there appeared in Punch a pleasantly humorous drawing of an aeroplane which had been boarded by a number of birds who had thus secured a free passage. Here was the joke become a sober reality!

The first aeroplane took 5000 swallows to Venice, stowed with as much comfort as possible in huge cage-cases. They must have been at close quarters in their flight, which occupied some hours. But though this was one of the strangest "assisted passages" in the history of emigration their arrival in Venice was hardly noticed.

The swallows, we may be sure, were quite unaware of any coolness in their reception by the Venetians. As was natural, all they noted was the blue Italian sky and a temperature 40 degrees warmer than that they had left behind.

Nelson Comes Peeping Up



One of the most interesting peeps of London by night during the floodlighting was Nelson poised in space above it all. Here is an interesting sight by day, with Nelson peeping up above the Admiralty as we stand near the back door of the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street

The temperature in Vienna fell lower still after the second batch had gone, and it became so wintry and stormy that aeroplanes could not go on their regular services. Nothing could cross the Alps.

By now the numbers of salvaged swallows had run into many thousands, and after a further batch of ten thousand had been despatched the Society for Bird Protection determined to send the birds on by train; and in a specially warmed van off they went by the night mail. There were 35,000 of them with free tickets, and when they arrived in Venice they had a reception such as no immigrants have ever had before in any land on Earth.

The Austrian Consul was at the station to receive them, supported by the President of the Venetian Society for the Protection of Birds, and a little army of willing helpers anxious to serve the travellers with a meal.

But the swallows, Nature's licensed vagabonds, were in no mind to take part in receptions. Some hundreds when

liberated flew rather anxiously about the station, circling St Mark's and the Customs House.

The greater number made off to the South with little tweets of joy, conscious only that the Providence which, according to the old saying, builds the nest of the blind bird, had taken them under its beneficent care.

Bird-lovers in Hungary, Yugo-Slavia, Rumania, and South Germany also sent swallows to the sunshine by road, rail, and air.

Pictures on page 7

EGGS FOR THE KINEMA

Stories continue to arrive from America as to bartering taking the place of ordinary exchange by means of money. Thus it is said that in some farming districts the local artisans are glad to work in exchange for payments in food. It is also said that picture houses are admitting food producers for payments in produce.

So many eggs for a cheap seat; a fat chicken for a better seat!

WATCH YOUR BILLS WHY THEY NEED NOT RISE

Retail Prices Still Higher Than
They Should Be

THE SHOPS AND THE £

Not long since, before the recent crisis had acutely developed, the C.N. was pointing out again and again that the fall in retail prices lagged far behind the heavy fall that had taken place in wholesale prices.

The fight over tea was only one instance in many. We gladly recorded a slight fall in tea, although we do not think that the public have yet had the full advantage of the wholesale fall. We observe with great interest that at least one firm is now advertising tea at 8d a pound.

There seems no good reason why excellent tea should not be sold at less than the prices now generally charged.

However that may be, if we take commodities as a whole, there is no doubt whatever that an unjustifiably big gap still remains between wholesale and retail prices.

Effect of the Change

As our readers know, going off the gold standard must to some extent raise the wholesale prices of imported commodities if they come from countries which are on the gold standard. Already, however, other countries are following the British example. Norway, Sweden, and Denmark were the first Continental countries to abandon the gold standard, so that imports from these countries will be no dearer.

The same is true of some South American countries which are no longer on the gold standard.

Therefore there is no justification whatever for a present rise in prices or for a rise in the near future, for the gap between wholesale and retail rates is too big already. Here are the latest figures:

The Ministry of Labour Index of the cost of living is now about 45 per cent above pre-war prices.

Wholesale prices are now as a whole about 5 per cent below pre-war prices.

Still Room For a Fall

To be fair, these figures are not exactly comparable, for, of course, more than the cost of wholesale commodities enters into the price of manufactured articles. Nevertheless, it does appear true that there is still room for a fall in retail prices if wholesale prices do not rise, and, even if wholesale prices rise somewhat as a result of the change in our currency, retail prices ought not to be advanced.

The Government is watching these things very closely, and is provided with means for dealing with them; but we hope that it will not be necessary for it to take action in the matter.

MURDER BY A TOY TRUMPET

Who Cares For Little Children?

WRITE TO YOUR M.P.

Another murder has been done, this time by a toy trumpet, and no one has been blamed.

A tiny girl of two was playing with a celluloid toy trumpet near the fire of a house in Leeds. The celluloid burst into flames. Little Elizabeth Barton died of her burns.

The Coroner's inquest returned a verdict of Accidental Death. Accidental!

It seems to us that from the essential point of view such things are no more accidental than if the toy trumpet had been a stick of dynamite.

Whoever is or is not to be blamed, this tragedy could never have happened if there had been no murderous toy to cause it, if Parliament had cared a hundredth part as much about serious things as it does about trifling things.

The celluloid toy is an abomination. It is a crime to make it or to sell it. It is a worse crime that our Government should permit its sale or manufacture.

What are our Women M.P.s doing that they neglect the plainest duty of any woman to any child? And our Home Secretary?

THE TRUCE TO ARMS A Challenge to Sincerity

By Our League Correspondent

A new challenge was given to the nations by the recent Assembly; a question was sent ringing out over the world: "Are you, or are you not, truly in favour of reducing armaments?" Do you, or do you not, truly want peace?"

The challenge is in the form of a resolution by the Assembly calling on Governments to do two things; to devote all their efforts toward creating a world opinion strong enough to enable the Disarmament Conference to reach positive results; and to give proof of their sincerity by putting an end at once to all increase in armaments.

The Obstacles in the Way

This resolution was not reached without very strenuous effort, a struggle between those who, like the British and Italian delegates, would have liked to go even farther, and those who were not ready to go so far. Certain delegates had much to say on the obstacles in the way—programmes laid down, contracts given out, constructions half-completed, and so on. The representative of France had many fears that the idea was too ambitious and that it was beginning the Disarmament Conference too soon.

We have to thank five of the smaller States (Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland) for taking up the Italian suggestion and placing a definite proposal before the Assembly. Even then it might have gone no farther had not the Italian delegate once more returned to the attack, insisting that something even stronger and more definite was necessary. The discussion, which waged back and forth even till after midnight, brought out clearly which States were really in earnest, and still more clearly will this be known by the first of November, for by that date each State is asked to say "whether it is prepared for one year to accept this truce in armaments."

Here is the test, and here and now is the chance for all who really care.

Five million Spanish women of 23 and over are to have the vote.

The penny fee is to be charged again for admission to Kew Gardens.

A SHOW FORBIDDEN

Nottingham and the Lion at the Fair

OTHER TOWNS PLEASE COPY

Nottingham Goose Fair is well known throughout the country.

Its three days of laughter and high spirits have always been eagerly anticipated by the townsfolk. It is over four hundred years old. These three October days have become a sort of tradition of happiness in the great provincial town.

This year a cloud hung over it, a cloud of cruelty. Nottingham can be proud of her annual carnival because no sort of cruelty has ever been allowed admittance to the Fair. This year that excellent record was all but broken, but the Markets and Fairs Committee are to be congratulated on having stepped in just in time to preserve its wholesome record intact.

Cruelty for Gain

A certain show which has been to the Goose Fair in previous years sought to add a note of novelty to its programme by introducing a lion in such a way as to cause the animal much misery. The show, which travels under a garish name, consists of a perpendicular, circular track around which men drive motor-cycles. Realising that once the performance had been seen its novelty and thrill had gone, the proprietors decided to introduce a very small motor-car which was to be driven round the track with the lion on the bonnet as passenger.

Had the show been permitted it would have meant that the lion would have had to perform in this sensational way from ten in the morning until eleven at night. If a man wishes to risk his life in such a way for such a length of time each day that is his own concern; but to take a creature of the wild, like a lion, and submit it to such an experience before an excited and closely-packed crowd, under glaring artificial lights, is not a reasonable idea of kindness and consideration for dumb creatures. The Markets and Fairs Committee did a very proper thing when they banned this performance after inspecting its first appearance at the Goose Fair, and we hope other towns will follow their example. It is much too late in the day to allow cruelty to be exploited for gain.

THE GENERAL ELECTION Party or Nation?

In this world we are never satisfied; it is with nations as with individuals.

The pressure of party interests having been too great to preserve the unity of the National Government, the Prime Minister has appealed to the country. Parliament is dissolved and the elections will take place at the end of this month. Three weeks of disturbance and agitated opinion, the expenditure of a million pounds which the nation can ill afford to throw away, will, the Government hopes, result in giving it the confidence of the country—which it had before the appeal, but which some of its members felt that it had not in adequate measure to justify their policies.

So the affairs of the nation are once more plunged into confusion at a time of crisis by the failure of our political parties to reflect the stern spirit of the nation, which is at all costs to pursue a steady and steadfast path to stability, economy, and reconstruction.

A white sparrow has been flying daily above the Woodbridge Hill district of Guildford.

Of 100 wild ducks marked in Norfolk eighteen months ago two have been recovered in East Prussia, nearly 800 miles away.

TOMMY LIPTON Best Loser in the World A POOR BOY'S GREAT STORY

We all admire a good loser, and we all look back with gratitude at the great example of courage and perseverance set before the world by Sir Thomas Lipton, who has passed away at 81.

In the whole battle of life he cannot be accounted a loser, but a victor. His life-story is a romance, and proves how a boy of the lowliest origin may, by character and hard work, win his way to the friendship and respect of all men, rich or poor.

Thomas Lipton started his life's work as a boy in a stationer's shop at half a crown a week. He loved his mother, his guiding star; it is said that he never went anywhere without her old Bible, which was always at his bedside. In his boyhood he felt that his tiny earnings were not enough, so he emigrated to America at the age of 15 and roughed it for two years, working as a labourer in the ricefields.

By the age of 21 he had saved enough to open a tiny provision shop in Glasgow, where he slept under the counter. Today the shops bearing his name are in every town in these islands.

A Generous Giver

He quickly became a wealthy man, but he never forgot the poor, and from the day when he sent an anonymous gift of £25,000 to provide a feast for 200,000 of London's outcast poor he gave generously.

He never spared himself, and during the war he undertook the strenuous task of conveying doctors and nurses to and from typhus-stricken Serbia.

Yachtsmen can never forget him, and his persevering efforts in building Shamrock after Shamrock in an endeavour to win back for England the America Cup won him the admiration of America and every man of our race. "The world's gamest loser" he was called across the Atlantic, for he always smiled and went back again.

DRIVEN FROM FRANCE The Folly of Religious Bigotry A HUGUENOT ECHO

The death of Sir William Portal at 81, after a life of public service, recalls one of the great romances of British trade.

The Portals were a French Protestant family. One day, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which was the signal for the massacre of the Protestants, an armed party bore down on their house and put everyone in it to death. But after the murderers had ridden away the door of an oven opened, and two terrified children crept out. Their nurse had just had time to hide them before the assassins broke in.

The poor children walked to the coast, and were carried across the Channel in wine casks. In England they met infinite kindness. As they grew up one of them was taught papermaking, and was later granted the privilege of making paper for Bank of England notes. Prosperity followed fast.

From 1724 onward the Portals have made Bank of England notepaper at Laverstoke, where Henri Portal opened his mill. The family have been completely English for generations, but will never forget their Huguenot origin, nor the cruel bigotry which sent them flying from their native land.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Cassino	Kas-see-no
Cetus	See-tus
Eridanus	E-rid-an-us
Procyon	Pro-se-on
Tuapeka	Too-a-pay-kah

BURYING THE HATCHET PARIS GOES TO BERLIN First Official Visit For Two Generations

A FRANCO-GERMAN MOVE

Old Marshal Hindenburg, as the years close round him, can rejoice to see the hatchet buried deeper in Europe, and especially he must rejoice to see it buried between Germany and France.

The old soldier has helped to bury it. The other day he returned to a departing French ambassador a sword lost on the stricken field in the war of 1870.

The return for this soldierly gesture was made when the French Prime Minister, M. Laval, and the French Foreign Minister, M. Briand, paid their visit to President Hindenburg in Berlin. It was the first time France had paid an official visit to Germany since the sword was drawn in that Franco-Prussian War of sixty years ago.

There has been another, a more grievous and more cruel war since then, and in darker moments the world may doubt whether in two generations it has grown saner or better. But old Hindenburg, in his more than eighty years, has had bitter reason to learn the lesson of war's wickedness and uselessness.

Good Hope For the Future

He is a great figure in Germany and in Europe. He will die the greater if he leaves a legacy of peace to his country, the sword buried, and the long strife ended.

There is good hope that better feelings between the two countries have been generated, and we note with particular pleasure the formation of a Franco-German Economic Commission, which is to be a permanent body having a joint secretariat. The work of this commission will be to study how best to further mutual trading relations and economic development.

Surely nothing but good can come of this. No doubt the relation of both countries to the world-wide distress will come within the commission's survey. It is in such mutual work that the world will eventually find release from war and the distress of war.

The commission is to have 20 German and 20 French members, and five sub-committees dealing with commercial problems, industrial questions, transport, finance, and public work schemes in France, Germany, and other countries.

THINGS SAID

We have the worst public-houses in the world. Mr J. J. Mallon

The voice of Niagara is the deepest note in Nature. Miss Elizabeth Belloc

The most powerful man in England is Lord Beaverbrook.

Lord Beaverbrook's paper

There shall be no fall in the value of that Gold Standard, the child life of the nation. The Minister of Education

I have often been a scapegoat, and am willing to be a scapegoat again if it is necessary. Mr Ramsay MacDonald

The modern boy is as fine as ever he was in all that goes to make a man.

Miss Grace Stebbing, aged 91

Greater than exercises, fresh air, or sunshine is the genial temperament. Mr Thomas Burke

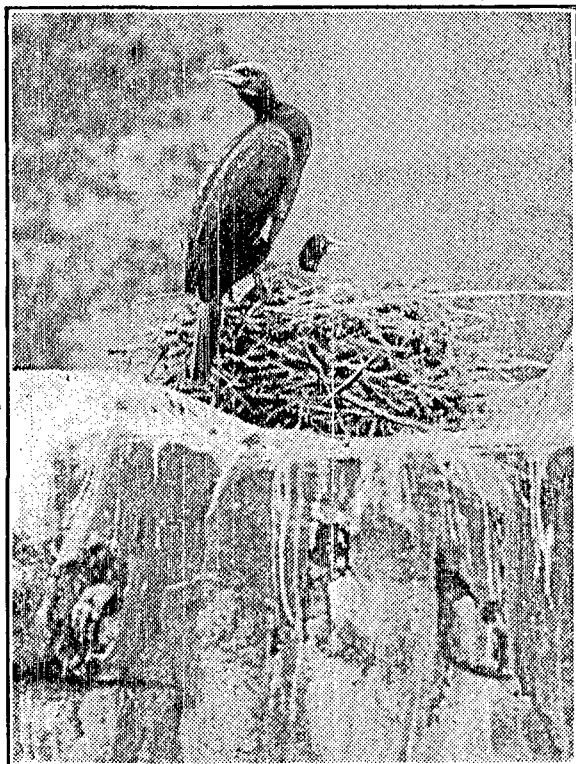
It's 30 years since I had a holiday, and then my husband took me to Epping for a day. A mother in the slums

October 17, 1931

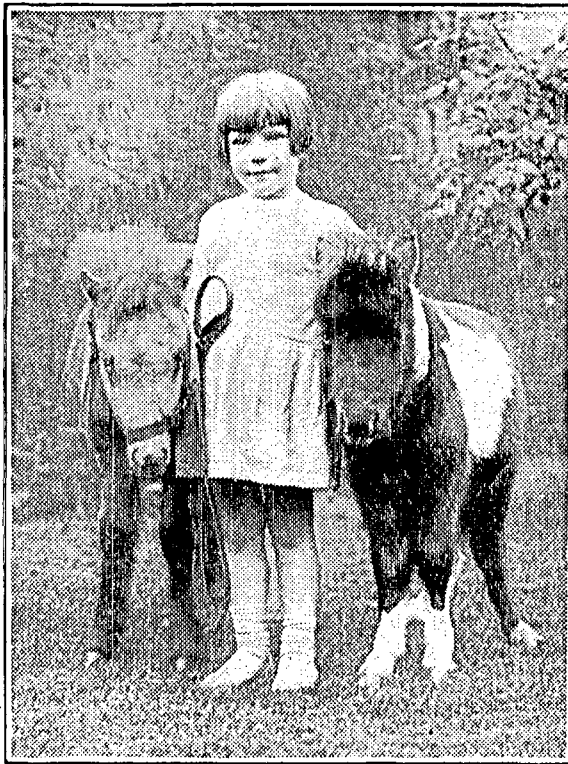
The Children's Newspaper

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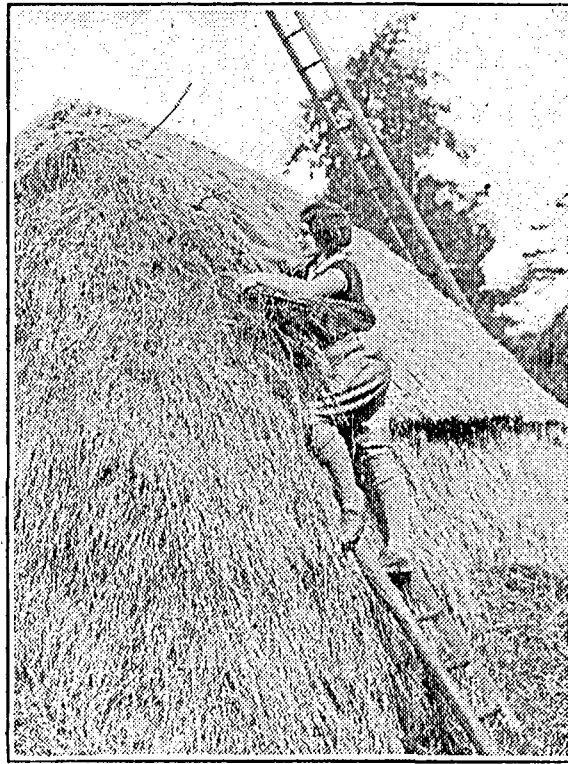
SEAWEED HARVEST · LONDON'S BABY CORMORANT · GIRL THATCHER



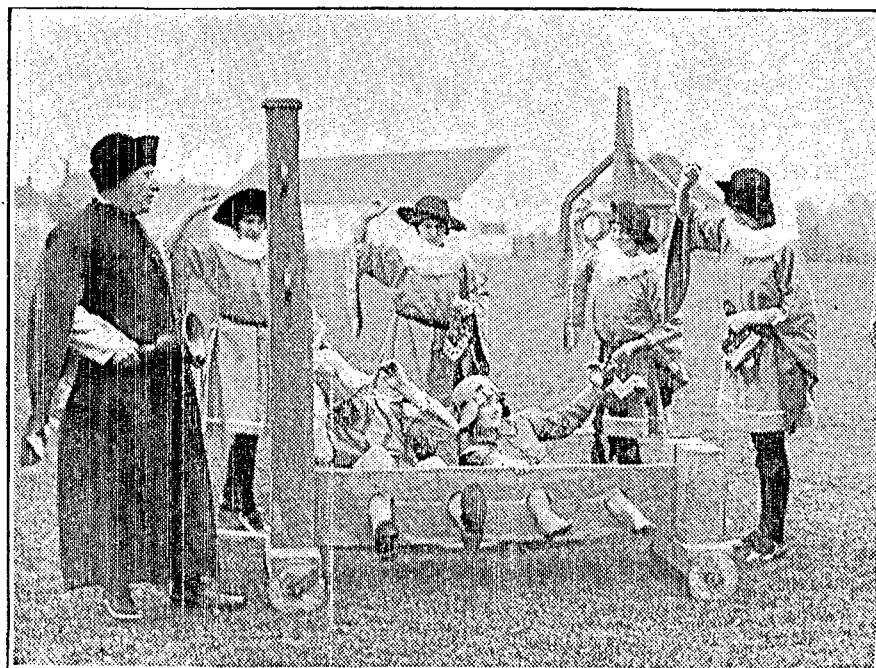
A London Baby—The first baby cormorants to be born in St James's Park are now to be seen on the lake there. Here is an old bird at the nest with one of its babies.



We Three—These tiny ponies, which have come to London from the hills of Aberdeenshire, appear to have found a good friend. In point of size they are more like dogs than horses.



Keeping Out the Rain—Skilled thatchers of cottage roofs or hayricks are very scarce in these days. Here is an expert at work on a rick at a farm in Monmouthshire.



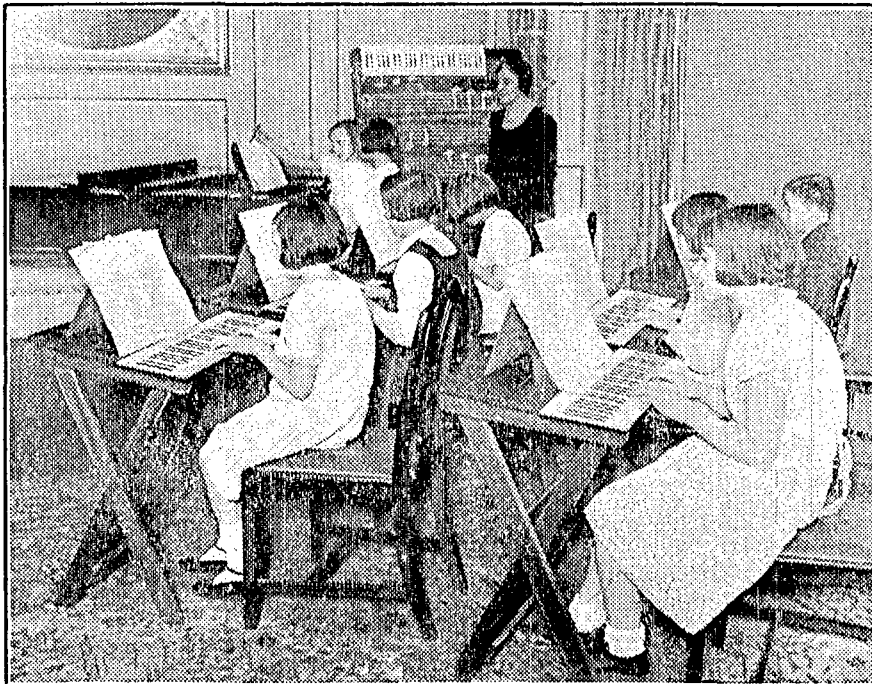
In the Stocks—Barking has just been made a borough and has been celebrating the honour with a historical pageant. Here some of the players are seen pelting culprits in the stocks, a common enough sight in the bad old days.



Harvest of the Sea—On the coast of Normandy the harvest of the sea has a very literal meaning, for a certain kind of seaweed is cut with a scythe. Resembling long grass and cut at low tide, it is used by the French Government for making mattresses.



The Shepherd's Assistant—Londoners had an opportunity of watching a very fascinating country scene the other day when the International Sheep Dog Trials were held in Hyde Park. Our picture shows a dog driving sheep into a pen.



A Silent Accompaniment—The young students at the Trinity College of Music in London take some of their pianoforte lessons with model keyboards, so perfecting their finger exercises and singing to their silent accompaniment.

100 YEARS AFTER FARADAY'S DAY AT THE ALBERT HALL

Scientific Exhibition Crammed
With Marvels

HIS OLD LABORATORY

The atmosphere was electric, to say the least of it, at the remarkable Faraday Exhibition which has been drawing hundreds of grown-ups and children to the Albert Hall.

Every conceivable kind of electrical apparatus, antiquated and modern, could be seen working away for all it was worth. Constant cracklings and sharp snaps in the air overhead startled the passers-by and made them aware of the unseen forces in the atmosphere which, thanks to Faraday, have made each one of us an Aladdin.

Transported Into the Past

Every marvel showing the twentieth-century application of electricity was on view, and at dark 2000 kilowatts were used for floodlighting and over 250 kilowatts for the remaining lights.

And so, by a display of the hundred-fold fruits of his labour, honour was done to the memory of the man who, on August 29, 1831, discovered electromagnetic induction and so founded the science of electrical engineering.

Seeing is believing, and of all the exhibits the most fascinating was the replica of the laboratory of the old Royal Institution in which the great scientist carried out most of his experiments.

As we looked into this room we seemed to be transported into the past. It did not need much imagination to see Michael Faraday at work there. Most people had a shock of surprise when they realised how primitive his surroundings were, and how simple was the apparatus with which he made his discovery.

Like an Old Print

Through the archway, which served as a proscenium for a lecture theatre, visitors looked into the bare stone-flagged laboratory, which consisted in those days of no more than the basement of a couple of houses.

With its walls lined with shelves of bottles of queer shapes and sizes the room resembled an old print of an alchemist's laboratory. There were lamps and mortars and earthenware troughs. High up at the back hung the large bellows working the wind furnace which produced temperatures at which platinum could be almost melted.

One of Faraday's experiments was shown actually in the making, with his method of condensing vapour by dropping water on paper wrapped round the neck of the retort. And, to make the scene more realistic, there were flasks which apparently had been just placed on the stand to drain.

Marvellous Ingenuity

Faraday never had much money, but his ingenuity in making use of odds and ends was marvellous. In the laboratory there was a place for everything and a use for everything. Many precious oddments, bits of wire, glass tubing, blow-pipes, and so on, were tidily arranged in the drawers of the tables, and these were used by Faraday in making the models by which he always illustrated his lectures.

Only one chair was to be seen in the room. The kettle gave a homely touch to the scene, and of deep significance was the candle-end, giving the one candle-power of light with which for centuries the poorer folk of many lands had to be content for lighting their homes.

After seeing the laboratory, the exhibits of the celebrated Induction Ring of a century ago and of Faraday's diaries, notes, and apparatus were of double interest. His many discoveries in chemistry, such as alloys of steel, glass, the liquefaction of gases, were not forgotten. There was a demonstration of how he discovered benzene from com-

60 LITTLE POLES

The League and Their
Schooling

A CASE FOR JUSTICE TO LOOK INTO

The League Council has decided that, in accordance with the decision of the International Court of Justice, the sixty little Poles of whom the C.N. wrote some time ago may, from now on, go to the minority schools as their parents wish.

Thus a question is at last settled that has wasted time and money for years, all for the lack of a little goodwill on the part of Poland and a willingness to deal justly with its German minority.

Unfortunately there is also another minority who have received not only unjust but brutal and terrorising treatment from Polish authorities—the Ukrainians. Their sufferings have been great, and many petitions have been made to the League for redress. That their stories of cruelty and terrorism are true in the main has been proved by the visits of men and women of other countries, seeing for themselves and judging with an open mind. Very regretably the question of their petitions has been adjourned until the next Council meeting in January.

We wish there were eminent persons in England and elsewhere who would insist that these hardships should cease and that justice should be accorded to these crushed and suffering people, whose voice is suppressed by the Polish Government.

THE BREAD LINE IN THE STREETS

And the Gold in the Cellars

How often we forget that America, although the greatest manufacturing country in the world, is still an enormous farming community. If we took all the factories out of it America would still be a great nation, raising food and other produce from the soil.

That is why there is such terrible distress in the United States, far more than in England. We are almost entirely a manufacturing country, having reduced our farming to such small dimensions that eight out of ten of our people live in towns.

In the non-manufacturing States the great fall in prices has wrought havoc. The Governor of Mississippi says that over half the homes in the State are in danger of being sold up to pay their taxes, and that this winter there will be a Bread Line (as the Americans call the melancholy lines of persons waiting for charity) in every town in the State, with no one to furnish the bread.

How sad it is to think that America still clings to the ungenerous trade policy which has brought ruin on the world and on herself! How ridiculous seems the thousand millions worth of gold stored in American vaults when contrasted with the misery it has caused! It is the story of King Midas over again.

Continued from the previous column

pressed oil-gas, and on the same stand was the Bramah Press actually used by Faraday to purify benzene.

Two old prints of the premises of Riebau in Blandford Street, Manchester Square, were a reminder of Faraday's youth, for at this bookbinder's shop he started work as an errand-boy and was later apprenticed to learn the art of bookbinding. The commonplace Books show the lighter side of Michael Faraday. He was not too much wrapped up in his researches to enjoy a joke, and on one of the pages this wise immortal wrote:

*Water Ices and Ice Cream
Water I sees and I scream.*

THE LOCUST AND THE PLANE

Odd Accident to a Pilot
WHY HE CAME DOWN

A trifle nearly caused the death of a famous East African airman and his passenger the other day.

Captain Campbell Black was the first man to fly from Nairobi to Croydon in eight days, and this summer he made a world's record for a Puss Moth machine by flying 1600 miles in one day. When the Prince of Wales visited East Africa Captain Black was chosen for his pilot.

But the best of pilots could not have prevented the accident that forced down his Moth the other day. Engine trouble developed so suddenly, and was so acute, that a quick landing smashed the propeller.

Luckily neither pilot nor passenger was hurt, and the airman hastened to discover the altogether mysterious cause of the accident. The petrol supply had been cut off by a locust in the induction pipe. It was only by a lucky chance that the insect did not kill two people.

A New Danger

Hitherto nobody has feared one locust. Men have only been afraid when they came in such swarms that the Sun was blotted out and the rustling of their wings was deafening. We have thought that the worst they could do was to strip fields and gardens so as to leave cattle nothing to eat. But now that man has taken to the air even one locust becomes a danger.

This grasshopper is more difficult to deal with than a tiger. In one year the people of Cyprus destroyed locust eggs estimated to weigh more than 1300 tons. The world cannot hope to stamp out the locust completely, although it can fight the great swarms with poison sprays and other devices.

We must hope that the designers of aircraft will find some means of preventing solitary locusts from jay walking in petrol pipes.

THAT £80,000,000

No Conditions Imposed

At last we seem to be getting to the truth about what conditions, if any, were attached by America and France to the loan of £80,000,000 (£40,000,000 from each country) to this country.

The matter is really of great importance, for it touches the sovereignty of our nation and the powers of our Government.

It was originally said, although never clearly stated, that America and France had made it a condition of lending the money that the British Government should make a cut of ten per cent in unemployment pay. This does not now appear to be the case.

As to France, the French bankers never even hinted at any condition of the sort. As to America, it was stated quite clearly in the House of Commons that the American conditions were merely stated as those on which the American bankers thought it would be possible for them to raise the money, but that there was no bargain made in the matter and that indeed we were not bound, even morally, by any condition whatever.

As a matter of history it is very important to know this, for it would be derogatory to us if we accepted a foreign loan on the condition that we should make a certain alteration, good, bad, or indifferent, in our domestic policy. If such a condition were accepted the country would obviously be under foreign domination.

SPAIN SHOWS THE WAY

The chief provision of the Kellogg Pact, the total renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy, is part of the new Spanish Constitution.

MR GANDHI SPINS HIS WHEEL

HIS OWN ROUND TABLE
TALK

The Poverty of India and the
Poverty of Lancashire

MEMBERS ONE OF ANOTHER

On a week-end in Lancashire Mr Gandhi took his spinning-wheel with him, and while it spun he talked to the Lancashire spinners.

He had his own little Round Table talk with them on the lawn of Green Thorne at Edgeworth near Bolton, and while the conversations went on the wheel would now and then be set spinning.

To him it was a symbol, for the wheel was one such as the village hand-spinners of India use. When it was working it showed to Mr Gandhi and to the Lancashire men with whom he talked what the poor Indian spinner did for his living. With his wheel he warded off the poverty which waited outside his door.

Lancashire's Point of View

The Lancashire spinners had their point of view also. They told Mr Gandhi that there was poverty in Lancashire too. The Lancashire spinners had machinery, but machinery would not ward off starvation if the cotton goods it made could not be sold. India was one of the supports of the Lancashire men and women and children. If India boycotted the products of their toil they would be no better off than any Indian.

Poverty in its pain and burden is the same in England as in India.

Mr Gandhi listened. He may have thought that charity begins at home, but he was not unmoved by what the Lancashire men told him, or by their powerful argument that poverty in one place makes itself felt in another. The Indian boycott of Lancashire cotton strikes a concentrated blow at a great group of people sustained by this industry alone.

It is sometimes forgotten by people in haste to blame Mahatma Gandhi for everything that goes awry between England and India that he has a shrewd and penetrating mind, and that, though he places his own India first, he can perceive quite well that the prosperity of both countries can best be sought in mutual concession.

In any case he has now had a face-to-face talk with Lancashire.

THE FULL-STOP

Getting Up to Date

LONDON DAILIES CLEANER
AND NEATER

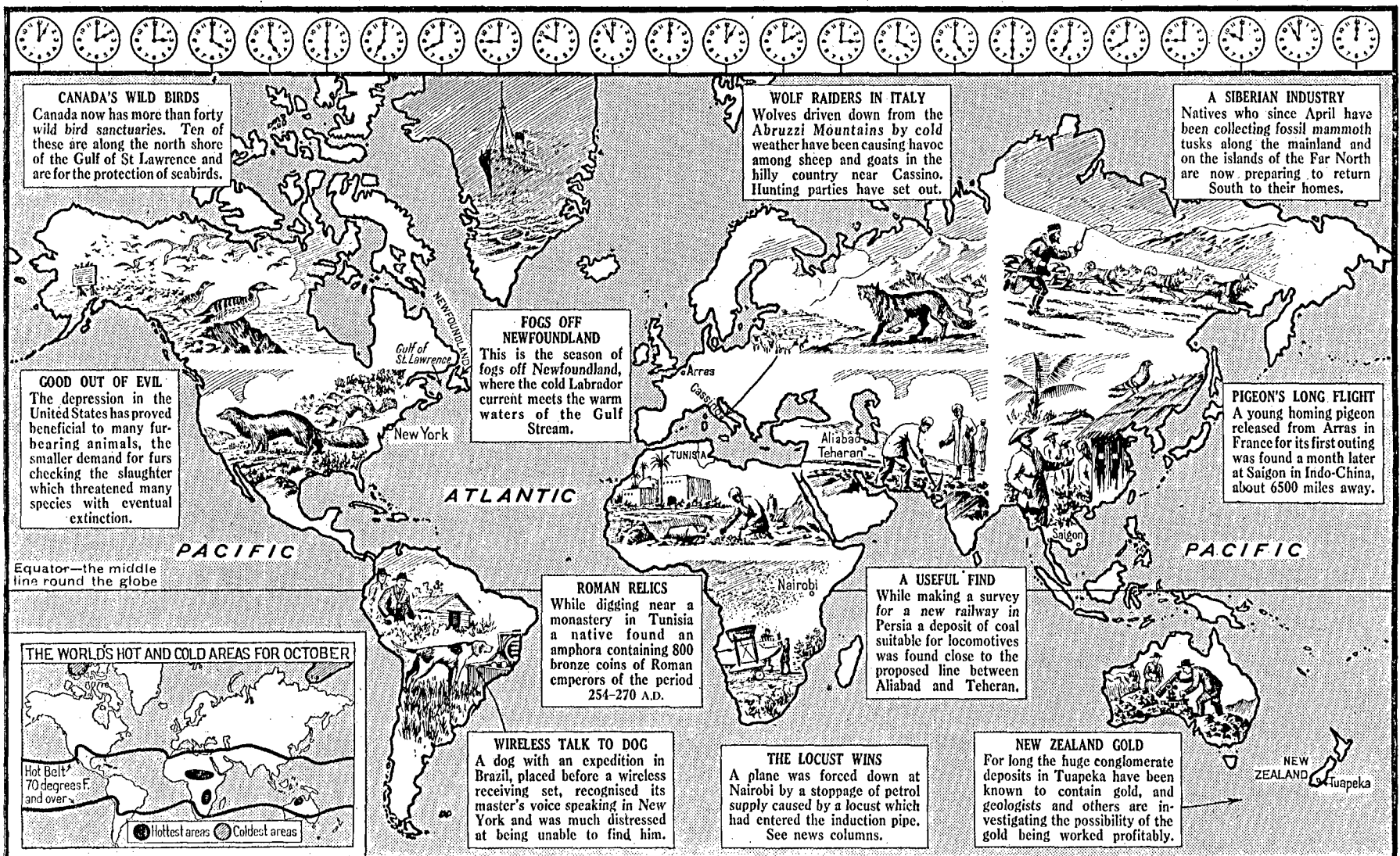
As the C.N. predicted, the Daily Mail is ceasing to be old-fashioned and has dropped the full-stop after its headings, the second London daily to drop them since the C.N. article appeared on the subject. The Daily Mail has only to drop the advertisements on its front page and put the news there in order to become an up-to-date newspaper.

The only old-fashioned London daily now remaining, with the ugly full-stops after its headings, is the Daily Express. As we read in Lord Beaverbrook's evening paper that Lord Beaverbrook is the most powerful man in England, we may be sure that he will now use his power to bring his morning paper up to date, in line with all the other London dailies, which adopt the C.N. policy of omitting useless full-stops. One of the full-stops in the Daily Express as we write is nearly a quarter of an inch across—a particularly bad example of waste in these days of Economy.

The News-Chronicle dropped its full-stops a week after the C.N. appeal. The Daily Mail has waited a few months.

The Daily Express, with Lord Beaverbrook's tireless energy behind it, will grow tired of being old-fashioned and drop them very soon.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A TOWN AND A FAMOUS MAN

Lewis Carroll Garden at Guildford

Lewis Carroll lived at Guildford, and now it is suggested that a memorial of the author of *Alice in Wonderland* should be erected in a little garden the town acquired a few years ago.

For two centuries the garden was the burial-ground of the Society of Friends. Then it became disused, and for 50 years hardly anyone went into the tiny cemetery. About four years ago somebody thought it would be a good idea if the space could be laid out with borders and paths and opened as a memorial to George Frederick Watts, the great artist who lived at Compton close by. The Quakers agreed to give up the ground, and now it has been turned into a lovely garden, a quiet oasis in the heart of Guildford's busy streets.

Just now the beds are full of autumn flowers and the grass plots are a lovely green after the wet summer. There are several seats, and on fine days they are filled with old people resting in the sunshine. At the end of the garden is a shelter with a tiled roof, and here perhaps will be placed a tablet in memory of Lewis Carroll.

A PIGEON'S FEAT

A French pigeon fancier heard the other day that a bird wearing one of his rings had been caught at Saigon, Indo-China.

The pigeon had left France a month before. No one had supplied it with petrol, chocolate, meat cubes, or chronometers. No crowds had turned out to cheer it. And it cannot see why human flyers make so much fuss about crossing the world.

See World Map

ONE MORE GOOD THING

The Sussex Stag hounds have been disbanded owing to financial depression. Devon and Somerset please follow.

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS

Let Us Have Peace

Gentlemen of the Press, we want your help; we need your weight thrown in on the side of Peace.

This is the essence of a request made by the recent Assembly of the League of Nations, a request to the World Press that, together with the League Council, it should try to deal with irresponsible newspaper men and with the supply of false information to the public.

Information which, even if not deliberately false, is yet inaccurate, can do immense harm and estrange the peoples of different countries; misleading statements are a direct menace to peace. It is therefore the plain duty of the League of Nations to try in some way, without curbing the freedom of the Press, to curb its freedom to threaten the world's peace.

The resolution brought forth at once an invitation from the Danish Government to Press officials to meet in conference at Copenhagen soon to study the whole matter and to find out what may be done.

WHY HE WENT BACK

The other day doctors and nurses said good-bye to Mr Harry D. Morris of Chester, who had undergone a serious operation.

"You are looking fine," they said; "you do us credit! But remember to be careful."

Hardly was the farewell said when the discharged man was carried in again, and water was dripping from his clothes as they bore him to bed.

The nurses wanted to know if he had fainted and overbalanced into the canal?

No, they were told, he had dived in to save a drowning boy and had collapsed after the rescue.

Certainly he did the hospital credit; and the country too.

UNITED STATES AT GENEVA

Nearer and Nearer

Nearer and nearer comes the U.S.A. to Geneva. Big strides were taken in September.

The recent Assembly of the League for the first time invited non-member States to take part in its work. This has been done by conferences and committees constantly for a long time, but never before by the most important body of all, the Assembly.

The occasion was the work for the Disarmament Conference and the proposal to call a truce to armaments immediately. Such a truce obviously needed the agreement of all States, and the invitation was therefore sent to the United States, to Brazil, Russia, Turkey, and all others to send delegates to take part in the discussions. All accepted the invitation. Their presence or approval transformed the Assembly committee into a miniature disarmament conference, and their agreement to the truce resolution makes a happy augury for February's great venture.

A MAN ALONE AT SEA

The men of the British cruiser *Durban* have had a great stroke of good fortune. They have been able to save a man from certain death.

A fisherman from the French port of Brest was alone in his boat when he found that she was drifting to sea and he could not bring her back to land. Soon he was 80 miles from shore. For four days he tossed in the Bay of Biscay without food, water, or hope. The men of the *Durban* sighted him just in time.

After restoring him the sailors took him to Gibraltar, and we can be certain that a happy message was soon racing over the wires to Brest.

The French Government sent an official to the *Durban* to thank the sailors in the name of France.

WHO LOVES A HERO?

The Animal Lover's Chance

A LITTLE HELP FOR THIS CAUSE, PLEASE

William King was sent for.

In cases of danger and difficulty people at Tenby naturally sent for William King the coastguard. When he was in the Navy he had been specially promoted for gallantry, and he had also won the medal of the Royal Humane Society. He had saved human lives, and now they sent to ask if he would try to save a dog.

Like many a dog before it, the dog had followed a rabbit over the cliff, and now it was perched on a ledge, unable to get up or down. Was it to starve there, or would William King go over the cliff edge on a rope?

Now all you animal lovers sitting safely at home think well what you would have said if you had been there and the coastguard had asked you: "Shall I go? I have got a wife and five children and they won't be eligible for a pension if I get killed in taking a risk like this."

William King did not hesitate. He never did when anyone or anything wanted his help. Now William King is dead, having given his life for a dog, and his family are threatened with such hardship that the Mayor of Tenby has opened a fund for them.

Here is a chance for animal lovers to prove that they are not mere talkers or sentimentalists, as some would have us believe. King gave his life; let them give money. The true animal lover will make some sacrifice in order to send a subscription. The false one will be content with saying that the Government ought to do something.

An M.P. and his wife have celebrated their silver wedding by giving a dinner and entertainment to 20 unemployed from the Thames Embankment.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 17 1931

The World and Its Gold

THE readers of the C.N. were long ago informed of the terrible fact that of the gold supply of the world about three-quarters (£1,500,000,000 worth) is now in the possession of two countries.

Asked in Parliament to call a World Conference to consider this serious question the National Government has replied that it has taken soundings in the matter and has been given to understand that the proposal would not be welcomed in one or two quarters.

We can well understand what quarters they are. America and France have been absorbing the world's gold and hoarding it, and they do not care to submit the matter to a World Conference.

Upon that we have no hesitation in suggesting that the British Government should still issue invitations for a World Conference, to be held in London or Geneva, to consider the world's gold supply and its present use and abuse, and that the Conference should be held even though one or two nations decline to take part in it.

The time has come for plain speaking concerning the state of the world. We have the very greatest regard for the two nations possessing nearly all the world's gold, and it would be no kindness to them to gloss over the facts or to conceal the truth. America and France are both suffering from the trouble they have made. The United States has an enormous budget deficit, and so has France. Both countries also have this year an adverse balance of trade. In America there are said to be ten million unemployed and the wages paid are only a third of what they were not very long ago.

Britain has been compelled to go off the Gold Standard and so have a number of other countries. International exchanges are impeded and credit is everywhere debased by the misuse of the world's gold reserves.

The gold hoarding and the calamitous fall in prices have brought about such a widespread destitution as has never before occurred in modern times. It is a world of suffering that appeals for hearing and healing. America and France may for a time refuse to listen to the voice of common sense, but that is no reason why the nations should not go into conference and publicly declare their proposals for reform. The British Government, which has played such an honest and straightforward part in world finance since the war, paying its own debts while forgiving the debts of others, is peculiarly entitled to call a conference, and we hope the Government in its wisdom will not hesitate to take this step.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



No Skyscrapers For London

WE are sorry to see a Liverpool architect advocating skyscrapers for London.

The streets of London are not wide enough to permit of them, for the higher a building is the greater is the space that must be left around it.

And there is another very serious objection to skyscrapers in London. A skyscraper is really a street built on end, and when the business day comes to an end it discharges at its foot a great army of office workers who block the ways.

This is what actually occurs in New York, where the traffic problem cannot be solved and is reduced to absurdity. The traffic of New York moves at a snail's pace, and anyone who has been there knows that to take a taxi across it is an act of folly.

A Compliment

WE have come upon an old compliment worth remembering.

A friend who was looking at an artist's picture of a man playing on the lute said to the artist: "When I look on that painting I think myself deaf."

From Our Window

WE were speaking here the other day of something seen from the Editor's window; the men at work on a great new building were throwing and catching red-hot rivets.

It seems worth while, for safety's sake, to mention another remarkable sight seen from our window: a window-cleaner was walking unprotected on a narrow stone ledge 50 feet above the ground.

The sight of the red-hot rivets flying through the air was thrilling; the sight of the window-cleaner walking or working for half an hour in peril of death was terrible, and should not be.

The Rambler's Tale

By One Who Heard It

So we two started; and I had so much in my knapsack that our lunch sandwiches kept falling out, so we ate them almost at once.

When we got to Guildford it was pouring, so I rang up home to ask if we should return. They said Yes, but I thought No; after all, it's a bit feeble to turn back.

We bought a loaf and a half-pound of butter and a honeycomb ready for breakfast, and we had bread and honey for supper too; these two meals worked out at threepence each. We were four days away and always had a good midday meal. I did it all for eighteen and six and got soaked (my tent was rather cheap and thin), but got fitter and fitter. Bodiam Castle is a beauty.

Thank You

WHO has not often tried to write a letter of thanks in return for praise, and found it hard? How charmingly this may be done we have just been reminded by coming upon one of the model letters of our time.

Mr Kipling wrote it to Tennyson in the last year of the poet's life, when the Laureate had sent him a word of appreciation. Letters of thanks are best short, and Mr Kipling merely said:

When the private in the ranks is praised by the General he cannot presume to thank him, but he fights the better next day.

Tip-Cat

WHAT is the cause of yawning? asks a correspondent. That is an open question.

NOTTING HILL High Street is up again. One thing on top of another.

THE sporting girl, we are told, does not need to think about her carriage. Prefers a motor-cycle.

ALWAYS get rid of any old clothes you have in the house, recommends a writer. But what are most of us to wear?

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If the bad season has stumped the cricket clubs

WINTER is close upon us. It has been all summer.

PEOPLE should start thinking about winter fires, says our coal merchant. We are still minding our summer ones.

THE pound has fallen. Someone will pick it up.

NATIVE conjurers in Burma give exhibitions of sitting on a spiked cushion. But spectators cannot see the point.

PURSES are to be strapped to the palms. Handy.

FISH bones should not be thrown away, we are told. They should be kept in their proper place.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

MANY wireless sets have been given in Wales for fixing in the cottages of blind people.

A LADY in the Isle of Man has left £1200 to help poor people not receiving pensions or relief.

A MAN has given Bishop's Stortford Hospital £1000 as a thank-offering.

EYNSFORD's village hall in Kent has been left to the village by Lady Emily Hart Dyke.

JUST AN IDEA

It will make it easier to live with others if you think of what you have in common and not of what separates you.

God Give Us Men

GOD give us men. A time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands, Men whom the lust of office does not kill,

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,

Men who possess opinions and a will,

Men who have honour, men who will not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue

And rout his treacherous flat-teries without winking;

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog

In public duty and in private thinking;

For while the rabble with their well-worn creeds,

Their large professions and their little deeds,

Mingle in selfish strife, lo, Freedom weeps,

Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

Passing Through France

One of our poet friends has been through France, passing in a train by the place where her brother lies, his life given for England.

ALONG the straight white roads no more Stream hosts for battle armed, Nor grim grey guns athirst for war;

The still fields sleep unharmed. Now but green-coated poplars guard

The old, slow plough's advance. Sprinkled about the gentle sward Lie peace-blessed homes of France.

OVER the earth the farm lads go And see good crops abound. Do they remember—do they know Their ground is holy ground?

OUR eyes are misted as we view Their little busy farms, For close a dear heart rests we knew Within Earth's quiet arms.

AND though no monument tells where That sacred seed was sown, Still seems his spirit lingering there And France takes for her own

INTO her heart some English dreams Resting on farm and fold, And on her lands more beauty seems Than when we passed of old.

Marjorie Wilson

All That Has Been Wrong Today

Now the daylight goes away, Saviour, listen while I pray, Asking Thee to watch and keep, And to send me quiet sleep.

Jesus, Saviour, wash away All that has been wrong today; Help me every day to be Good and gentle, more like Thee.

THE LORD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER COOL HEADS AND WARM HEARTS

The Spirit That Will Pull Us Through Hard Times

MOTHERLAND AND DOMINIONS

Keep cool heads in the crisis, the Chancellor of the Exchequer exhorted us. But the British people are doing better. They are keeping warm hearts.

Everyone has hastened to do what lies in his power to help the country in the trouble that threatens it, and many have opened their purses as well as their hearts, though many politicians have only opened their mouths.

Both the rich and the very poor, the learned and the simple, have vied with one another in doing what they could. In the C.N. the other day the tale was told of a woman who cancelled the remaining vouchers of her old age pension book in order to give the Chancellor £17. There were villagers in Shropshire and Dorset who made a shilling collection.

The Widow's Mite

The example of these and others has had power to add to their number. High among them we must place the widow and her mite. She is a white-haired old lady who has returned to England after living nearly half her life in America.

She came back home bearing gifts to her Motherland. She sent a cheque for £250 to Mr Snowden—"in memory of the woman who gave her free-will offering, the Widow's Mite, 2000 years ago, when Jesus was sitting by the Treasury."

That widow of the Gospels is the symbol of charity, though her name is unknown through the ages, as the little lady from America desires that hers should also be.

The Pride of South Africa

No one wants to be known as a donor. All that anyone wishes is to help. From South Africa, the great Dominion which, with true patriotic pride, declined to reduce the annual interest which she pays to us for the War Debt when the Hoover Plan allowed her to do so, the C.N. has received a private letter which breathes the same spirit of helpful generosity. It runs:

"Enclosed you will find postal orders to the value of £2, an offering to England in gratitude for heroes, poets, painters, writers, all her great men, who have given me so much of inspiration and pleasure all my life."

Why—this is a great person himself, for he is an unselfish giver. He asks the C.N. to send the money for him as he does not even know where to send it. And he ends: "God bless you all."

On the Excelsior Route

Surely He will, while we have people of this kind among us. There are others. In Aldringham-cum-Thorpe a Save-the-Pound League has been formed. This remote little Suffolk village has an idea which it means to spread throughout the country inviting everyone to subscribe a penny or more if possible to relieve the National Debt.

Aldringham-cum-Thorpe is hitching its wagon to a star. The little parish of Trelystan-with-Leighton, in the county of Hereford, has gone some way on the same Excelsior Route. It has reduced the National Debt by £23 by putting its shillings, pennies, and threepennybits in the plate after the parson had asked for contributions.

If not money, then goods—and goods are being contributed to the Sale in Aid of the Nation which is to be held by Mr Hurcomb at his Grafton Galleries. Money was raised for the Red Cross in this way during the war. This will be a sale not less remarkable, we hope.

And, lastly, just as Australia set the example to the Old Country of economy all round to set her financial House in Order, so now she offers an example of

THE OLD LADY SEES IT THROUGH

An American lady in Paris sends us this note, which we gladly publish.

It is English people abroad, with no work and very little money, who are feeling the pinch. One grey-haired lady who has been a private secretary but is now out of work has five pounds to her name and no unemployment benefit. She had thought this would last her three weeks, but with the change in the pound's value she finds it will last only two. When asked for her views on the situation she said:

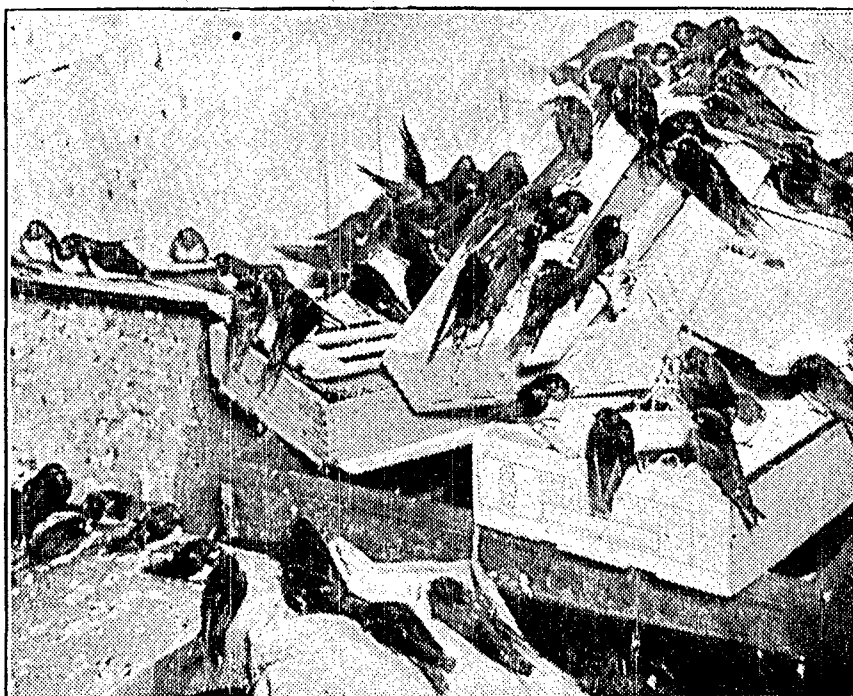
"I try to look at it not as something which affects me rather painfully but as part of a great historical change which is taking place. I have been reading Dickens again, and it has come over me anew how little the mass of mankind counted a hundred years ago.

"A tremendous levelling is going on, and it is right that it should. This fall in the pound is quite likely to turn out to be part of this process. We are not yet able to see it in its true perspective. Russia has accomplished this levelling with a sledge-hammer; England has the mighty destiny of accomplishing it by more reasonable means.

"It will hurt," said this old lady, "of course it will hurt; but no great thing can be done so rapidly as this change is coming about without causing pain somewhere. What is there in my personal difficulties important enough to blind me to the magnificent and necessary trend of history?"

It is this spirit which makes the English a great people, wherever the pound may stand.

AEROPLANES FOR THE BIRDS



Exhausted swallows resting in a specially-warmed room



Boxes containing swallows being taken on board the plane at Vienna

When thousands of swallows were stranded owing to the early cold weather in the Vienna district they were collected by bird-lovers and sent by aeroplane and train to the South, where they were set free, as told on page 1.

Continued from the previous column

what can be done by voluntary generosity. The Commonwealth Government, hard pressed, asked everyone in Australia who had invested money in Government bonds to consent to accept less than the guaranteed five or six per cent.

Nearly everyone has written to the Government to agree to accept a reduced interest of four per cent. No less than £300,000,000 has thus been converted to a lower rate of interest.

The response has come not merely from big companies and financial houses

and associations. It has come from the people as a whole, from those whose Government investments represent the savings of hardworking people for their old age. It has come, like the gifts we began by speaking of, from rich and poor. It is, in fact, the gift of a strong and generous people, in a country where, we like to think in all times of crisis,

*None is for a Party,
But all are for the State.*

That is the spirit at the core of our Motherland and is no less the spirit of her far-flung Dominion children.

PEACE CALLING THE LEAGUE TRIUMPHANT A Word at Geneva and a War in the East

CHINA AND JAPAN ROUND A TABLE

By Our League Correspondent

Two great countries on the brink of war in the Far East; two delegates facing each other across a table in Geneva; 6000 miles in between. Could anything be done to keep the peace?

That was the burning question filling many minds in those tense days in September when world peace was in the balance. News had come of Japanese troops invading Manchuria, spreading over an area as large as Britain and Ireland put together, seizing railways, burning and bombarding towns, and taking Chinese officials, of high rank into custody. Two new divisions of Japanese troops had entered the country and war was imminent. Thus two great Powers were at grips with each other on the far side of the world. What could the League do?

A Dramatic Session

The big glass room was crowded when the Council met. Rumours were rife as to the extent of the invasion, and were increased by the entrance of the Chinese delegate, a new bunch of telegrams in his hand. The Japanese representative made no attempt to deny the main facts, and the general sympathy was obviously with China, whose Government had unreservedly placed the matter before the League, giving orders to its troops to make no resistance.

It was a dramatic session. Many felt that August of 1914 had come again, but there was, happily, this great difference: *the League was there.*

Ordinarily there are fourteen voices on the Council. This time there was one. The Council was a single body facing the problem of peace, and Press and public were there to add their combined and determined weight. The pressure was strong and made itself felt. There was no doubt that Japan felt it. For a long time its delegate had nothing to say except that he had had no instructions. The meeting adjourned with the hope that instructions would soon come through.

A Sigh of Relief

Telegrams promptly sped over the wires and people waited anxiously for the next step. More meetings followed, and presently there came one when the Japanese delegate announced that orders had been given for the Japanese troops to withdraw, and a great sigh of relief swept over the room. The League had achieved its purpose. There was to be no war.

Yet what, after all, had the League done? The Council members had sat round the table listening first to the voice of China, then to that of Japan. Backward and forward the two talked the matter out, with all other members listening, with journalists of many countries noting every statement, making every word public. That was all.

But it was enough. Nations were not willing that two of their number should bring war upon the world again and their combined pressure succeeded. It was a test case, and the League came out triumphant, *merely by just being there.*

200,000 FARMS

The Russian Agricultural Department now states that there are as many as 218,900 collective farms in the Soviet Union. This is said to embody 55 per cent of the individual peasant farms.

It is upon this change over from little peasant holdings to great industrial farms that Russia hopes to obtain more food for her people, who are so rapidly increasing.

FARADAY'S FRIEND AT ST PAUL'S

NOT TOO OLD AT 90

Playing the Organ in London's
Great Cathedral

DR MICHAEL GRABHAM

Up and down the steps of St Paul's people ceaselessly come and go. Many of them have come from the ends of the Earth and must cross the high seas before they see their homes again.

The other day an old man of 91 climbed the steps. He probably looked round with appreciation at the freshness and newness of the interior after the great work of restoration, but he had come with a special purpose, and that was to see the wonderful new organ, and to play it.

Those who spoke to him had a high privilege, for once this old man, whose name is Dr Michael Grabham, was a friend of Faraday, and in his memory there is a living picture, full of life and animation, of the great scientist who discovered the underlying principles of electricity.

Marvels Beneath the Keyboards

Dr Grabham, who is the senior member of the British Association, was on a visit to England from Madeira to take part in the Faraday celebrations. Nobody could have been more enthusiastic than he was about the new organ, which has five hundred miles of insulated wire beneath the five keyboards.

It is, he declared, yet another of the marvels made possible by Faraday's discoveries. Almost as if he were still the young man Faraday knew, he started to play, and through the great building surged lovely sounds, many of them of a quality which could never have been produced a hundred years ago.

Boyhood Memories

Dr Grabham has recollections of Faraday even earlier than those of Sir Alfred Yarrow. As far back as 1849, when he was a boy of nine attending King's College in London, he often saw Faraday, who was a great friend of two of the staff, Professor J. F. Daniell and Sir Charles Wheatstone. Almost every day at noon Faraday came to see them, and many a talk and argument they had together. He would lay down the law to Wheatstone, who seems to have taken it in good part. As fast as Faraday announced the exciting results of his experiments Wheatstone made practical application of them.

C.N. readers have probably heard of Wheatstone's famous electric clock. Its pendulum was a coil of wire moving in a magnetic field, and it transmitted a half-second impulse to a number of secondary timekeepers. We can imagine how much the clock, a marvel of ingenuity, must have thrilled people of his time.

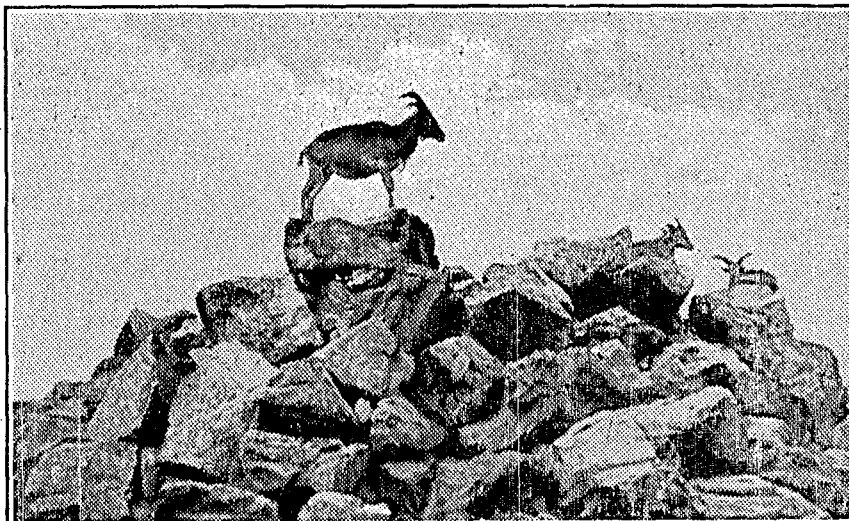
Treasures That May Come to Light

For sixty years Dr Grabham has had one of these clocks working away and telling the time in his home in Madeira, and it has been a constant interest to all who have seen it. He believes that there were originally five similar clocks of this kind. Perhaps these treasures may come to light some day.

Even as a boy of nine Dr Grabham was impressed by Faraday's personality. Other men, he said, seemed small in the presence of the great scientist. After talking to Faraday his friend Wheatstone would fall into a reverie, having apparently forgotten everything round him.

Dr Grabham remembers vividly Faraday's lightness of touch and cleverness with his fingers. Like many great men he was very precise and careful in details. He was very resourceful, and ideas were always coming to him. If one thing failed he did not give up. He tried some other way.

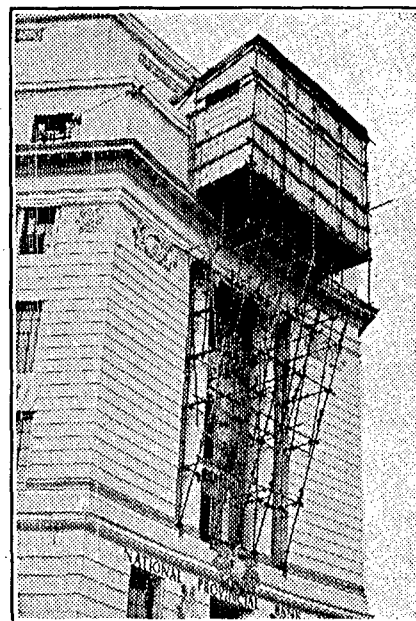
NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



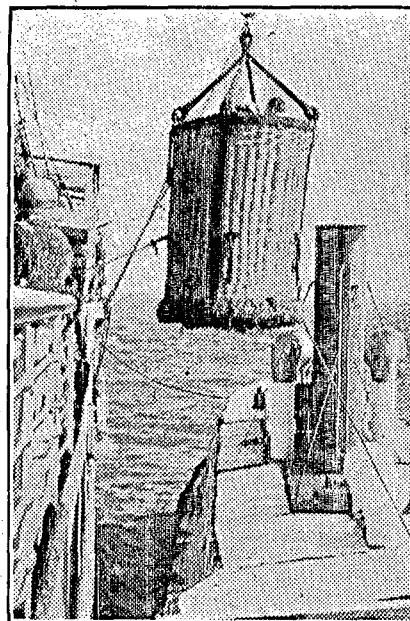
On the Skyline—This striking picture was taken in the Johannesburg Zoo, where the mountain goats live in a rocky enclosure something like London's Mappin Terraces.



An Awkward Load—Some huge castings for the new Cunard liner which is being built on the Clyde have been sent by rail from Darlington to the docks at Middlesbrough. The lines on each side had to be kept clear because some of the castings overhung the trucks.



A Queer Studio—This box-like arrangement on a new bank office in the City conceals sculptors who are at work on statuary which is to adorn the building.



Going Ashore—Liners calling at East London in Africa have to anchor in the open roadstead, and passengers are transferred in baskets, as here, to a small tender.

TWO HALVES OF A STONE

Together Again at Last

REMARKABLE STORY
FROM YORK

A puzzle several centuries old has just been solved.

In 1670 Dr Martin Stone told the Royal Society that an inscribed stone had been found under part of a church in York, and that it was Roman, but no one could read it, because half the stone was missing.

For safety's sake it was built into the wall of the church; but in 1867 it was removed to the museum, where scholars vainly racked their brains over it.

The other day workmen who were underpinning the north wall of All Saints Church, North Street, came upon a stone with some sort of inscription. It was the missing half of the stone found in 1670 under the same church, and now both are placed together in the museum.

The message of the stone is quite clear now. It records the grief of a Roman father who lost his wife and child about 1800 years ago.

THINGS MIGHT BE WORSE British Trade and World Trade

The facts presented by the Board of Trade show that it is not the case, as some people suppose, that British trade has suffered more in the world crisis than the world at large.

It is perfectly true that the value of our trade in the first six months of this year was much less than in the corresponding period of last year, but that is true of every country in the world, and there are several countries which, indeed, experienced a greater decline than we did.

The exports of the United States, for example, fell off by 36 per cent, whereas British exports fell by 34 per cent.

There is no reason whatever to suppose that when world trade recovers British trade will not also recover. No British trader and no British citizen should allow himself to become pessimistic in the matter.

A HERO'S DUE

It is good to learn that a happy ending has come to one man's unemployment.

James MacMahon, who was out of work, leaned over the Victoria Embankment and wondered what to do.

He soon found a job, but it was an unpaid one.

A boy of six fell into the water, and MacMahon dived after him. The boy struggled so much that four times he got away from his rescuer, who grasped him again and again, till he himself was on the point of collapse. Then Mr Albert Larking went to his aid, and brought the fainting man to shore.

Now we hear that he has received £10 from the Carnegie Hero Fund, a parchment testimonial from the Royal Humane Society, and, what is better still, regular work under the Poplar Borough Council.

GRATITUDE

Thirty years ago a dying woman beckoned Dr Alexander Bowie to her side and made him promise to look after her delicate son.

Dr Bowie took the invalid into his house, and by constant care, sometimes in the night as well as the day, kept his troubles at bay. When the invalid died the other day the doctor was astonished to find this sentence in the will: "I give £12,000 to my doctor, to whom I owe my last thirty years of life."

This is a story of gratitude, and something more. It shows that life is a sweet, desirable, wonderful thing even to a man constantly suffering. Are we grateful enough for it?

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

Science Cannot Answer It

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE UNIVERSE?

All the great thinkers together cannot agree on what is to become of the world.

At the British Association the searchers among the stars for the answer (Sir James Jeans, Sir Arthur Eddington, Professor Millikan, and Sir Oliver Lodge) told one another what they thought.

They did not agree, and each went out holding his own opinion still.

Sir James Jeans thought the wasteful stars flinging away their substance in light and radiation must eventually reduce the Universe to bankruptcy. It would be dead, with no more matter to throw away. But, rather oddly, the globe would remain much as it is!

330 Miles a Second

Sir Arthur Eddington, though not prepared to deny the wastefulness of the stars, declared that the Universe was expanding everywhere at the rate of 330 miles a second all round, but where it would reach, and into what it would expand, he did not venture to say. Of the reckless inflation, however, there was no doubt.

Professor Millikan, on the strength of the cosmic rays which are not the radiation wasted by the stars, declared with equal but contrary emphasis that the Universe was somewhere building itself up as fast as it decayed.

Sir Oliver Lodge, summing up, declared with humility that we too readily accepted the laws of mathematics and physics when applied to the Universe, without inquiring whether there was a higher law behind them, the law of the Creator who gave to Man the power of thought.

That is the answer which a simple man can accept, but it amounts to saying that we cannot tell the future of the Universe, and never may, till that Higher Power reveals it to us.

LEOPARDS FOLLOW THE HIPPO

Huberta's Successors in Natal

Huberta, the Hippo of Natal, has been followed by a number of other invaders from Zululand.

Huberta's ways were ways of pleasantness and all her paths were peace; the newcomers are leopards, which are neither peaceful nor pleasant.

Moving down the Umgeni Valley they brought terror to the native farmers, who had revered Huberta as a tribal deity in disguise, and ate their way steadily south to Durban, destroying sheep and goats and cattle on their way.

It was simple to shoot poor Huberta, any wretched man could do it, for the poor beast never did harm to anyone; but the leopards are no such easy prey. They have escaped all the bands organised to kill them, and have had the effrontery to trespass in the grounds of the Governor-General at Durban.

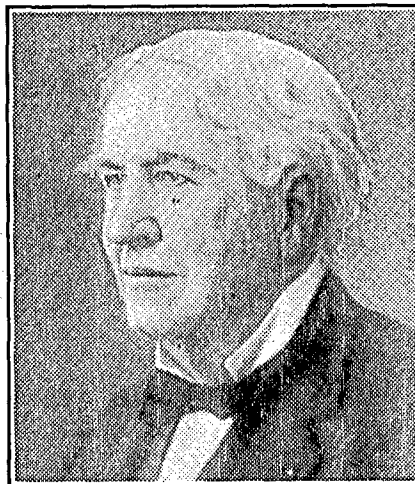
There is a thrilling story that one of them was killed by a native lad at a place by the sea south of Durban. An unknown animal had killed some goats and oxen, and a party of hunters came on a leopard at bay, with the dogs barking about it.

One native was mauled by it as he approached, but while he lay on the ground the boy with him thrust an assegai through the leopard.

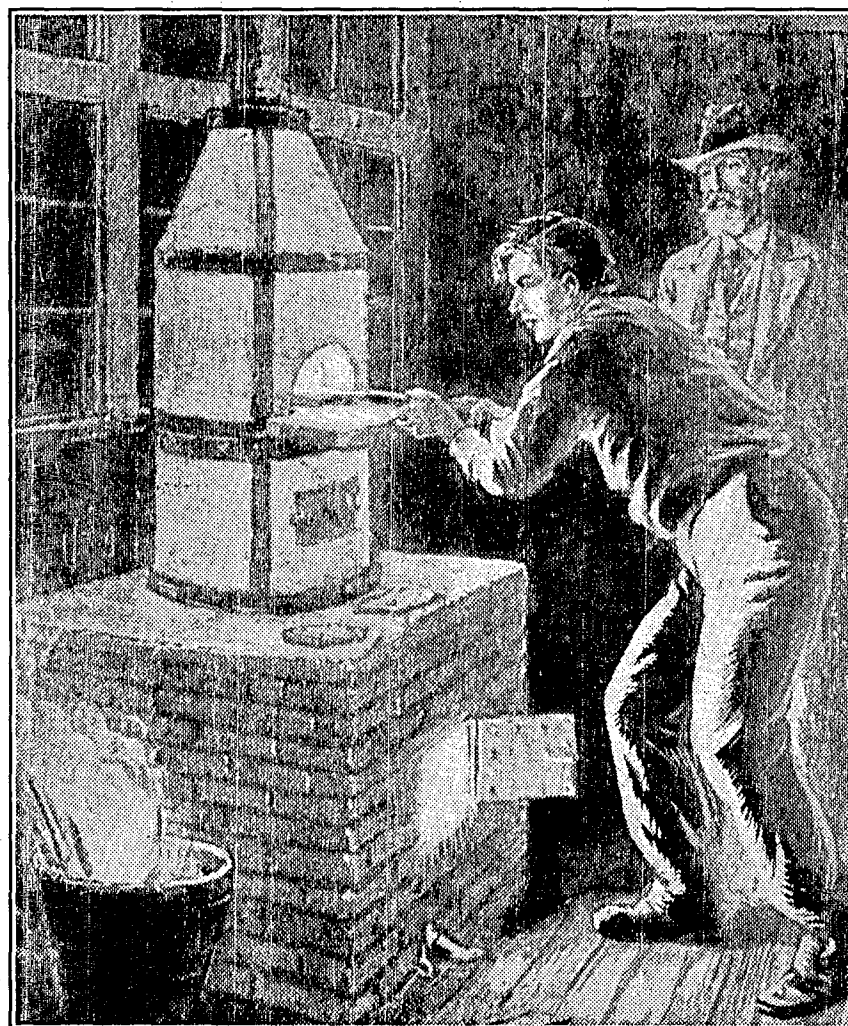
It is, at any rate, a good story, with a better ending than that which told us of the fate of poor Huberta.

Flying over a three-kilometre course Lieutenant Stainforth has raised the speed record to 408.8 miles an hour.

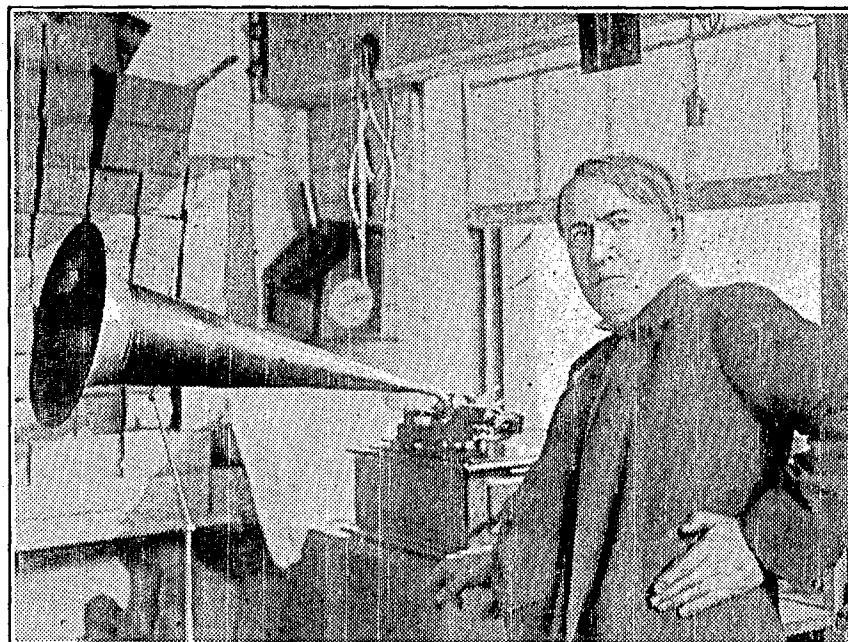
THE WONDERFUL EDISON



Thomas Alva Edison at twenty-five and in old age



Young Edison conducts an experiment



Edison with an early phonograph

The sympathy of the world has been with Mr Edison, lying near death's door at his home in New Jersey. His inventions have founded great industries and have provided work for hundreds of thousands.

WHEN THE POUND FELL

WHAT HAPPENED IN PARIS

The Traveller Abroad and the People Suddenly Poor

KEEPING COOL

From a Paris Correspondent

English people from all over the Continent have been flocking to Paris in the last few weeks on their way home because of the fall of the Pound.

Ladies who went to bed peacefully in Rome one Saturday night, thinking they could pay their 188-lira hotel bill with the two pounds in their pockets, found on Monday morning that they could not do so; they could pay only 140 lira, for their two pounds would buy no more.

Others living abroad on pensions or small incomes decided that it was no longer an advantage to do so, as their pounds would buy them more in England than elsewhere; these people, too, headed for home. As one of them said: "What few things we can buy we want to buy in England now; it might help a little."

Mr Selfridge's Good Turn

To assist travellers who found themselves short of money during these topsy-turvy days Mr Selfridge sent over a number of tickets from the travel bureau of his London shop. Genuine travellers were able to purchase these in Paris with pounds. In addition to selling tickets to London, the Paris office of the big shop was instructed to be as helpful as possible. The manager has kept closely in touch with the various banks in the French capital and has been able to give helpful advice. Every Englishman in Paris has put his shoulder to the wheel to help to keep people from becoming unnecessarily excited during this unprecedented change.

An American Lady's Fright

Agitated ladies began running to their banks when the news about the Gold Standard came. One American lady was all of a flutter. Should she not sell her securities? Everything in the world must be wrong, she thought, if sterling was no longer sterling. While she was working herself up into hysterics at a bank an Englishman came in; he was Brigadier-General Fitzgerald. She did not know him, but to her he was English, and she turned to him for confirmation of her fears. "My dear Madam," he said, "I have no idea what securities you have, but I offer to buy them all from you. Anyone who sells in a panic always loses. Nothing is going to pieces; the world will go on. This is going to mean more work for England. Look at what France has been through; think of what happened to the German mark; this is the merest ripple by comparison."

"Then you don't think I need to be frightened?"

"Not in the least," he said. The poor woman left the bank comparatively calm and tranquil.

More Work For Englishmen

Because of this a rumour spread round Paris that England had mobilised her best men at key positions in the city to keep public opinion steady. There was nothing in the rumour, of course; but in Paris, when Englishmen naturally keep cool under stress and help others to do the same, it seems to the observer as if there must be concerted effort behind it.

"This is bound to mean more work for Englishmen," said one man who works in a bank. "Look at me. I live in France and I have always bought my clothes here until now. But, with the pound buying so few francs, I cannot afford to buy a new suit in Paris. I must wait until I go home for Christmas and buy one then." He is only one, but there are many like him.

A SCHOOL IN A LAKE

Headmaster's Troubles in Flooded China

PLAYING FIELDS TEN FEET IN WATER

Schools have reopened, games are in full swing again on the playing fields—in England. From China comes a very different picture, sent to us in a letter from the headmaster of Griffith John College, the famous London Missionary Society school near Hankow, in the flooded area.

I do not know whether you can imagine how much we are suffering here.

A whole stretch of this beautiful country has been transformed into a huge lake, with the school standing in the middle of it. The water in our football field is ten feet deep and in the garden about eight feet. There is a foot of water in the Assembly Hall of the school and six feet in our houses. Everything has had to be taken upstairs.

Our communications are carried on by a hired sampan and seven newly-made crafts of different sizes. I am the admiral of this small fleet, and have arranged for it to be gathered together in fifteen minutes if there is an alarm.

A Modernised Robinson Crusoe

The flood damages are enormous. Great stretches of the boundary wall have been washed away. Some small walls near the masters' houses have also fallen. Several of the smaller houses, such as the watchman's and the gardener's, are about to fall, and the masters complain that theirs are also very shaky. Hundreds of trees are dying.

Floors of all the houses are bulging, due to the side expansion of the planks and the upward pressure of the water beneath. A number of floor planks have been taken up and all the doors facing out are left open to release the pressure of water and wind.

To prevent invasion from other sampans outside barbed wire has been stretched where the walls are broken, and an extra coolie is stationed on the look-out for unwelcome visitors.

I have been attending to work as usual, though dressing myself rather differently, like a modernised Robinson Crusoe. An old shirt and football shorts are my only clothes, and I am barefooted. By dressing so I have been able to encourage many of the servants to work harder.

CLERK MAXWELL'S EXPERIMENT

Historic Photograph Seen Again

Seventy years ago Clerk Maxwell, the great physicist whose memory has recently been celebrated at Cambridge University, took the first photograph in natural colours.

He made use of the fact that any colour in Nature can be imitated by a mixture of three primary colours. By using chemical liquids of blue, green, and red and putting them in front of the lens of a camera he took three photographs of a bow of coloured ribbon.

When lantern slides of these photographs were thrown upon the screen, one over the other, from three magic lanterns each illuminated with the light of one of the three primary colours, the bow appeared in its natural colours, proving sound the theory on which all modern colour photography is based.

These old photographs still remain at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, and were the other day brought out, set up in three modern lanterns, and Clerk Maxwell's historic photograph in colours thrown upon the screen once more.

The seventy years of progress in the taking of colour photographs was then shown by a display of exquisite animal pictures of the Whipsnade Zoo, taken recently by the new Spicer-Dufay system of colour cinematography.

HELEN KELLER

The Woman in Three Prisons

HER VISIT TO LONDON

Miss Helen Keller, the wonderful blind and deaf woman who has burst the bonds of one of her three prisons and learned to speak although she has no memory of ever having heard a single sound, has spent the summer in England and on the Continent.

She makes some interesting comparisons between the provisions made for the blind in the various countries she has visited, in which, we are glad to say, we come off not too badly. She speaks in terms of high praise of the London Library for the Blind, which contains five miles of books in Braille. Here she was able to find translations of French authors such as Victor Hugo. She looked forward to reading these in the original in France, the home of Louis Braille, who invented the touch alphabet, commonly used for books for the blind, which bears his name. These books she could not find in France.

A Hardship on the Blind

She also speaks in glowing terms of the provision made by the British Government for sending books for the blind without charge through the post. The practice, still followed in France, of charging full tariff for these bulky volumes often works a real hardship on the blind, for their earning power is already reduced by their handicap.

It is good to have the word from time to time of those whom we attempt to serve that our efforts are effective and that they are appreciated.

Miss Keller's teacher, Mrs John Macy, who has devoted her life to freeing her pupil from her two prisons of blindness and deafness, and liberating the powers of her mind, travels with her. They will return shortly to America.

THOSE INSECTS AGAIN

What They Cost Us

LIKING FOR DEAD AS WELL AS LIVE FOOD

Everyone knows how serious are the depredations of insects in agriculture and horticulture.

Each crop, each plant, has its particular enemies. From the familiar common or garden white butterfly of England to the devouring armies of locusts which sometimes sweep across great tracts of foreign territory leaving desolation behind them, the depredations of insects cost producers enormous sums every year.

Unfortunately it is not only living food that thus suffers. After the food is gathered and garnered it is again the subject of insect attack. The Imperial College of Science and Technology has found it necessary to establish a Stored Products Research section to suggest defences against insects and fungi.

Among the losses mentioned are 40s a cwt in raw cocoa in two months through insects and mould. In Virginia 30 million lb of tobacco had recently to be fumigated to rid it of the caterpillars of a certain moth. Dried fruit, copra, grain, spices, suffer from moths and weevils as soon as they are put into warehouses. Mould is just as serious, for it spoils the flavour of food, the colour of goods, and even the elasticity of rubber.

Not enough is being done in the matter, for the college has small funds and for lack of proper endowment very heavy losses still go on.

A NEW SPONGE

The viscose used for making artificial silk is now being applied to the manufacture of sponges. This artificial sponge is much softer and smoother than the sea sponge, and it has the advantage that it can be boiled with soap or soda.

RATS AND CATS

Pussy's Chance to Show Her Points

From a Travelling Correspondent

The Club of Rat-catching Cats of Normandy arranged to entertain and instruct the members of the Second International Congress on Rats and Plague at Le Havre this month.

It seems most appropriate. For three days before going to Le Havre the delegates to this congress discussed ways and means of keeping down rats. On the fourth day they made an excursion from Paris to the big French port to investigate the measure which a thoroughly modern and up-to-date harbour authority takes to prevent unwanted rats from other countries coming ashore in France without a passport or a medical examination.

Age-Long Services

At the same time Puss puts in a claim for a little appreciation of her age-long services in this domain. Man may discuss rat-catching for three or four days, but Puss works at it all her life. Dr A. Loir, curator of the Museum of Natural History at Le Havre, was determined that this fact should not be overlooked by the learned men who met in this good cause. Dr Loir, who is a member of the Institute (one of the greatest honours France can bestow on her scientists and scholars), is a nephew of the great Pasteur; it was he who arranged for Normandy's most famous rat-catchers to be present at the Museum from nine till 5.30 on October 11. Cats who live out of town would be excused an hour early, the programme said, and it goes on:

"Any and all cats may come to the party, admission is ten francs each, though members of the Club of Rat-catching Cats will be admitted at half price. All cats must be in good health. A veterinary will be on duty all day in case his services should be needed."

THE MACHINE AND THE MEN

An I.L.O. View

Under this heading not long ago we commented on a report on unemployment by Mr H. B. Butler of the International Labour Office, and expressed surprise that anyone should doubt that in the long run machinery increases the demand for labour.

We are glad to find, on further perusal of the report, that Mr Butler is entirely of our opinion. He affirms, as we do, that machines properly used are for the good of mankind.

What he is anxious about is that in their application machines should not cause distress by displacing men without adequate means for alternative employment or for regulating the speed of change.

We heartily agree with Mr Butler as to the need for the most careful thought on this matter, for it is no consolation to Tom or Bill to know that in the long run a new machine will make more employment if immediately Tom and Bill are thrown idle. In the old days new methods came slowly; now changes are so swift that men often suffer. We must safeguard the machine user as far as human ingenuity allows.

THE UPSIDE-DOWN FIRE

A coal fire without smoke is a topsyturvy fire, according to Dr Vocux, who told the National Smoke Abatement Society at Liverpool the other day how to light a fire upside down.

The coal is first laid on the bars of the grate, then a layer of paper, and lastly the kindling wood. The paper is lighted; it sets fire to the wood on the top, and the heat of the burning wood drives the gases out of the coal. The coal then burns downward, bright, hot, and smokeless from the moment the fire is lighted, and the fire itself needs no attention for from three to five hours.

A SLIP OF SAND

Two Men Disappear For a Moment

WHAT THEY FOUND

There was a slither of sand near Colchester the other day and the world nearly lost two valuable men.

Mr J. P. Bushe Fox and Mr Christopher Hawkes, of the British Museum, were excavating the barracks where Roman soldiers wintered in 43. The excavators wished to photograph the different strata, and moved some wooden supports, whereupon the sand suddenly moved, and they were buried at a depth of 12 feet.

They were dug out before they were suffocated, but Mr Bushe Fox had to go to hospital with an injured arm.

Yet he would tell you that it was worth while. They have found some profoundly interesting things on the site. Perhaps the most romantic is a Celtic catch-lift which opened the door of a native hut nearly 1900 years ago. There were three native huts just outside the great ditch which guarded the wooden barracks, and the catch-lift opened one of these old British homes.

Roman Colchester

It was here that the conquering Claudius was hailed as Emperor. It was here that his army wintered, and here that Romans lived till they had built Colchester on a neighbouring hill.

Roman Colchester was a fine place, with shops full of pretty wares, and handsome houses with hot water laid on. The old site was just a camp, and it was deserted for centuries. Then in 1618 the Parliamentary army came to besiege the Cavaliers of Colchester, and they found that the best place for a camp was the Roman one.

Thus it is that an iron cavalry helmet of the New Army model and a pikeman's back-plate have been found here, besides Roman and early British coins, a clay lamp decorated with fighting gladiators, and all sorts of nicknacks belonging to the early days of Rome's conquest.

HOW TO KILL A LION

The Nurse's Way

Nurse had arrived at a little village in Nyasaland. It was part of her round, and she got there once a month, but never before had the visit been so full of excitement.

Instead of merely asking her to cure their ailments the people asked her to rid them of a lion.

It was a man-eater, and had been haunting them for some time. Already three people had been killed. The villagers possessed no firearms and were in a state of terror.

When Nurse volunteered to become a medical missionary she had been prepared to risk much, but she was not prepared to attack a man-eating lion.

So she suggested that an ox should be killed, that the carcass should be dosed with morphia, and that the bait should be put near the lion's haunt.

The deed was done. Although the lion devoured the bait he was not killed by the morphia, but it made him so sleepy that he knew nothing about the spear thrusts that ended his career.

Mr Cooke Yarborough, who vouches for the truth of this tale and says that it happened quite lately, adds that Nurse thus accounted for the morphia, "Medicine for one out-patient 7s 6d."

A GOOD THING

Canada, believing that education is the great hope that can awake the world, has removed all Customs duties from educational films entering or leaving the country.

This is in accord with the recommendation of the League's committee on intellectual cooperation.

October 17, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

II

THE CELESTIAL WHALE

Marvels of the Largest Constellation

A VANISHING STAR

By the C.N. Astronomer

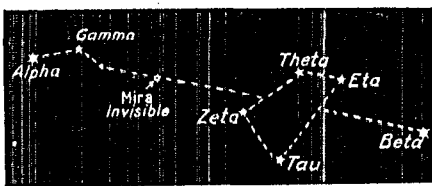
Cetus, the great celestial Whale, is now coming into view.

It is the largest constellation of the heavens and at present occupies nearly all the south-eastern area of the sky, below and to the left of that described in the C.N. for the last two weeks.

Cetus appears to rise from what is a poorly illuminated region of the firmament as an immense and strange marine monster, following in the wake of Pisces, the Fishes, Aquarius pouring out the stream Eridanus, and Capricornus, the Sea-Goat, braving the billows, while Pegasus, the Winged Horse, flies above.

Thus all these watery constellations, which now occupy almost the entire southern heavens, herald and symbolise the stormy winds and rains of the coming of winter, as they have done for some thousands of years.

Cetus, however, is not an ordinary whale, but an extraordinary and terrible



The chief stars of Cetus

creature with giant paws and a great horn curved and projecting from its head. It doubtless dates from Chaldean times, some 10,000 years ago, at least.

This great constellation is not very plentifully supplied with stars, the fact that it encircles what may be called the South Pole of our Universe accounting for this barrenness.

Beta, a second-magnitude star, is the brightest in Cetus and a sun very much larger than our own; but it is about 3,937,000 times as far away, its light taking 62 years to reach us. Beta will be almost due south about 11 o'clock.

To the left of Beta is a large and striking quartette of stars, as shown in the star-map. They are not very bright and are chiefly of interest because one of their number, Tau in Cetus, is one of the nearest stars in the heavens, and is the nearest one visible to us now in the evening before midnight—and before Sirius makes his appearance.

Tau is, in fact, one of the neighbours of Sirius and Procyon as well as of our Sun, its light taking but ten and a third years to reach us, Procyon's light taking a little more, with ten and two-fifth years, while that from Sirius takes just over eight and three-quarter years.

The Brilliant Mira

Tau is a sun much smaller than ours, radiating only about a third the light; it appears so small because it is 656,000 times as far away.

Theta, the brighter star above Tau, is a much larger sun, radiating nearly three times more light than ours, but it is 2,064,000 times as far, its light taking 32 and a half years to reach us.

Alpha in Cetus, though nominally the leading star of the constellation, is now inferior to Beta in brightness. It is a sun of the Giant class, radiating nearly 200 times more light than ours, but from a distance 9,400,000 times as far, the reddish glow of its light taking nearly 150 years to reach us.

Gamma's light takes 67 years to get here, therefore to shine so bright from a distance 4,255,000 times as far away it must be a sun at least twenty times the size of ours.

The greatest marvel of this constellation is the brilliant Giant sun Mira which periodically vanishes. It is, unfortunately, not now visible, having died down several months ago to a very faint condition.

G. F. M.

C. L. N.

Everyday Life in Other Countries

WIRELESS LESSONS FOR 1200 CZECHO-SLOVAKIAN SCHOOLS

Number of Members—28,562

Before the war the children of different nations knew very little about each other's doings.

All that is changed now. C.L.N. members in particular take the greatest interest in what is happening in other lands, and they gain much, for they learn many new ideas.

News has come that the children of Czecho-Slovakia are back at school and that their lessons are to be more interesting than ever this term.

For the second year the excellent educational broadcasting service has been opened by Dr Derer, the Minister of Education. Already more than twelve hundred schools are provided with receiving sets, and the number is steadily increasing.

Here is an idea that might well be copied by other nations.

Through the literature published by the League of Nations Union we also learn how well the grown-ups of Bohemia, Moravia, and Czecho-Slovakia are looking after the large numbers of poor children in these countries.

Happy Holiday Camps

Last summer 25,000 of them were sent, by means of the hard work of children's welfare societies, to holiday camps, where they spent several weeks in healthy and invigorating surroundings. Over four thousand children were sent from Prague.

By belonging to the C.L.N. our interest in the everyday doings of our brothers and sisters who live over the seas is stimulated. We want to go to these countries to meet the children. Some of us manage to do so and make friends with boys and girls of other nations, largely through the C.L.N. Those of us who cannot travel so far can make friends by exchanging letters, for addresses of foreign children who wish to correspond with English boys and girls may be obtained from the C.L.N. headquarters.

By joining the C.L.N. readers of the C.N. may each do something toward strengthening world friendship.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,

15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W. 1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.



The C.L.N. Badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

Make Way For the Swallow

Page One

LET THE BRITISH WORKMAN MAKE IT

The Prince of Wales was in need of some ornamental ironwork in the form of a grille for his house, Fort Belvedere; and he has given the work to a blacksmith in Devonshire.

These are bad times for rural blacksmiths. Farming tools have changed; horses are greatly superseded; many big houses for which work was done are closed. Yet the English smith is second to none for skill in making beautiful ironwork; and the Blacksmiths' Union is doing a fine work in training its members to meet the changed conditions.

It behoves everyone to follow the Prince's example and let our blacksmiths prove their skill.

THE LEAGUE SAVING ITS PENNIES

NO FREE TEAS FOR COMMITTEE MEN

Joining in the World's Great Effort to Economise

ECONOMY TRUE AND FALSE

Cutting down the budget has been the order of the day in the League of Nations, as everywhere else.

The economy axe was drastically applied in the Assembly just closed, and a reduction of £104,000 approved. Fifty-five States will accordingly benefit by a proportional decrease in their contributions.

Naturally, also, they will obtain less benefit from the reduced work of the League. Estimates for the next financial year were drawn up as usual in the spring and sent to Governments for their inspection before being submitted to the Assembly. But since May the general affairs of the world have undergone drastic changes, and the proposed budget has to be changed drastically too.

Salaries Untouched

The Supervisory Commission once again scrutinised every detail—expenses of conferences, of publications, of committees—and produced a new total. Salaries, being fixed by contract, could not be touched, but places at present vacant are not to be filled.

This slowing-down of League activities means that certain matters will be put aside or left over till next year, that the Mandates Commission will hold one session instead of two, that the Committees for Ports and Maritime Navigation and for Buoyage will be postponed, that the Health Organisation will undertake no new work, and so on.

One intimate little item which will effect a saving is the decision no longer to give a free cup of tea to members of committees! Distributed among fifty-five States to which these committee members belong, one wonders how much this economy will be felt in the countries concerned.

One Halfpenny a Head

New Zealand, it seems, pressed for economy in every direction. It pays a little less than one-twentieth of its total budget toward the upkeep of the League. Switzerland pays a penny a person per annum, England just over a halfpenny per head. The total League expenses would barely build half a battleship.

In response to the plea for petty economies put forward by some of the Assembly delegates Señor Madariaga, now Ambassador for Spain in Washington, offered them a little calculation.

A Little Calculation

"If the nations of the world (he said) had sent to the treasurer of the League of Nations in 1930 just five per cent (only five per cent) of what they had spent in that year on national defence, and if the treasurer had placed this sum in a bank at five per cent, this five per cent of five per cent would suffice to maintain the League of Nations, the International Labour Office, and the Court of International Justice for ever and ever until the end of the world, without having to ask another farthing from any of its members."

There is, happily, one matter for which no one has yet dared to ask for economy, the Disarmament Conference. At the very beginning Lord Cecil was clear about this.

"It would be (he said) the falsest of false economy if we were to do anything at this time to reduce the authority and prestige of the League of Nations or, still worse, to reduce its efficiency. That must be the governing consideration in all our efforts at economy."



Joyously Healthy

Doris—like the rest of the family—is eager for her morning cup of "Ovaltine." Thanks to this delicious beverage, she is always healthy and strong. Every day brings happiness, and schooltime is as enjoyable as playtime.

Robust health depends so much on correct and adequate nourishment. For this reason give your children "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage.

This delicious food drink supplies, in a concentrated, correctly balanced and easily digested form, all the nourishing food elements and vitamins extracted from ripe barley malt, creamy milk, and eggs from our own and selected farms—Nature's best foods.

"Ovaltine" makes a delightful breakfast beverage for children. Let them start the day with an abundant store of energy and vitality. It will help them to grow up with sound nerves, alert healthy minds and healthy bodies. Give it to them also when they come home from school and before they go to bed. It will fortify them against colds and chills, prevent weakness and lassitude, and keep them joyously active and healthy.

One cup of "Ovaltine" supplies more nourishment than 12 cups of beef tea or 3 eggs.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Reduced prices in
Gt. Britain and N. Ireland
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3

P719



Amazes Mother

"Peggy amazed me by gaining four pounds in one month after I started giving her 'California Syrup of Figs' regularly," says her mother. "She is a bonny girl and has never been unwell for a whole day. 'California Syrup of Figs' has been a wonderful help to me and I want to tell all mothers about it."

Don't wait until your child is bilious, feverish, sick, constipated—with bad breath, coated tongue, no energy nor appetite—before using "California Syrup of Figs." Of course, "California Syrup of Figs" will relieve the trouble at once. But how much better it is to prevent trouble; keep your child in splendid condition, with hearty appetite, rosy cheeks, abundant energy by a weekly cleansing of the system with this rich, fruity laxative that all children love. It always helps; never harms. Doctors endorse it. Chemists recommend it. 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle. Emphasise the word "California" and no mistake will be made.

"CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"
IDEAL LAXATIVE FOR CHILDREN

RESULT of the Grape-Nuts Snapshot Competition

AUG & SEPT.

HERE are the winners in the last of the Grape-Nuts Snapshot Competitions, which closed on September 30. To these boys and girls, All-Distance Pocket Ensign Cameras have been sent.

Daphne Shave, Highfield House, Chiswell, Notts; John Balston, 24, Dickenson Road, Crouch Hill, N.8; Brian Bewers, Westwood, Woldingham, Surrey; John G. Parker, Withersdane Hall Cott., Wye, Kent; Joyce Bradley, Oldfield Farm, Rowington, Nr. Warwick; J. Hatch, Oldfield, Oakworth, Nr. Keighley, Yorks; Mary Masters, 7, Brantwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.24; Margaret Ryan, 20, Princes Avenue, Great Crosby, Liverpool; Terence Geoffrey Durbin, 25, Woodland Park Road, Newport, Mon.; Mary T. Horan, Rait Castle, Nairn, Scotland; U. Mitchell, Grovely Manor, Boscombe, Hants; Ailsa Ferry, 1, Derwent Road, Palmers Green, London, N.13; William Twynford Hopkins, 19, Beech Street, Bacup, Lancs.; Ruth Holt, Grange Cottage, Burecott, Nr. Bromsgrove, Worcestershire; Joyce Morris, 2, Morningside Park, Edinburgh; Joan Fry Willis, Friends' School, Saffron Walden, Essex; Jack Laurence Bangs, 96, Upper Lewes Road, Brighton, Sussex; John Deln, 8, Malvern Grove, Withington, Manchester; Vivienne Jennings, 34, Balfour Road, Preston Park, Brighton, Sussex; G. J. Barton, 29, Spital Terrace, Gainsborough, Lincs; Pamela Howe, 2, Garden Road, Bromley, Kent; Hugh Plant, 38, Poole Road, Bournemouth, Hants; Cadet R. J. G. St. John, R.N., R.N.C., Dartmouth, Devon; Hazel Edwards, 56, Norton Road, Letchworth, Herts; Harold James Dallas, May Villa, Cop Lane, Penwortham, Nr. Preston, Lancs.

Grape-Nuts
MADE IN CANADA

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Products, which include Postum, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post-Who's Bran.

THE SPADE CLUB

Work For Idle Men To Do

SAVING THE UNEMPLOYED

Sheffield, that famous city of iron and steel, has suffered terribly in the present crisis; a large proportion of its able-bodied men are out of work and in great distress of mind and body through their enforced idleness.

This has led to the foundation of Spade Clubs to find the men something useful to do. The name is given to a new allotments movement. Tiny plots of land, measuring only 300 square yards, are let out to the unemployed at the nominal rate of 2d a week.

For the first two months they go rent free while they are preparing their land. Each man is lent a spade and provided with packets of seeds of such produce as beans, peas, cabbages, cauliflowers, turnips. Of course potatoes are not forgotten. Also each allotment-holder is provided with 28 lb of artificial manure. It is said that the movement is a great success.

For the most part the allotments are well worked, and the women and children are glad to go to them to help and to enjoy the fresh air. In Sheffield, it seems, these wielders of spades are known as the Dig-to-Eat Brigade.

Here is a movement which should be encouraged; but we are given to understand (we hope it is not true) that money for such purposes has been cut off by the new national economy. If so we can only suggest that it should be replaced, for surely it is more than worth while to spend trifling sums to rescue the bodies and souls of men who without this help would be languishing in idleness.

101

A Link With Charles and Peter

We have just lost a link with Charles the First and Peter the Great. This link was Mrs T. Maule Wetherall, who has died aged 101.

One of her mother's kinsmen was the Mr Clements to whom, before his execution, Charles the First sent a silver heart-shaped locket containing some of his hair, and bearing the inscription:

Prepared be to follow me
I live and die in royaltye.

The family still possesses this locket, which was one of twelve sent to Charles's friends.

One of Mrs Wetherall's ancestors on her father's side was Sir Anthony Deane. When Peter the Great came to Europe in 1697, prepared to labour as a shipwright and to forget he was Tsar, Sir Anthony helped to teach him shipbuilding, and then Peter went back to teach Russia.

TOO MANY LIONS

Troubles of a National Park

Only the other day we published an enthusiastic account of a visit to one of South Africa's great Game Reserves, where lions can be watched from motor-cars.

Now we are glad to read that one of the trustees of the Kruger National Park thinks such sanctuaries are completely changing people's attitude toward wild life. As he says, when people see big game staring calmly and confidently at them in the Reserve they realise how little real sport there is in shooting such animals.

But the authorities of these National Parks have their difficulties. Their chief worry at the moment is how to keep their lions without losing too much of their other game. The Kruger National Park alone has about a thousand lions, and they are multiplying rapidly at the expense of the park's other guests, which form their dinner.

PRAISE BE TO US

Pleasant Words For English Ears

When the League of Nations closed its Assembly at Geneva it ended on a brave note of hope.

It had begun its session in a spirit very far removed from that, but two great events lifted the cloud. The first was that France and Germany had come closer together.

The second bright thought was Britain! In doubting British hearts, if there are any at this hour, the thought that their country should give or have cause for rejoicing might be a source of astonishment. But the words of the President of the Assembly are plain, and we quote them with pride and satisfaction.

What country, M. Titulescu asked, could better give a demonstration of energy than the noble British nation, whose secular history was well summarised in the words "meeting adversity with an inexorable will to conquer"? The President added that he wished to express to the British Government the admiration the nation had created in the world by the decision she had shown to be worthy of herself.

May our country never prove unworthy of such unaccustomed praise!

TELL A TALE OF SIXPENCE

Hats Off To It

Is there a railway porter anywhere who would refuse £400,000,000 as a tip?

Such a porter even at a Paris terminus would seem impossible, but a member of the House of Commons has just told the tale of how he found one in Berlin.

The huge tip was in German marks, a ten-milliard-mark note, and the German porter at Cologne railway station, where the porters will usually do a lot of work for a very little money, said it was not enough.

It was not. The £400,000,000 mark note, as explained by Major Colville who proffered it, was not worth the paper it was printed on eight years ago. The porter would not look at it.

But he looked with eyes of gratitude at the English sixpence which the traveller offered him instead. He took off his hat in his emotion.

The moral which Major Colville drew was that paper money may plunge a country into despair. Our moral is that there is nothing that goes farther for its size than the English sixpence—unless it be the Scottish saxepece.

A RAILWAY AND £500 A YEAR

Who Will Take It?

While holiday-making in the Bavarian Alps close to the borders of Austria some of our readers may have travelled on a little local railway running between Ruhpolding and Reit-in-Winkl.

The State owns this little railway and has become concerned because the Forestry Department has been unable to make it pay.

The railway is only 15 miles long, but is much used by tourists. The authorities are anxious that it should not be closed down, so they are offering it free, complete with engines, carriages, and stations, to anyone who will take it, while as an extra attraction the State promises to pay £500 a year to the adventurous acceptor of their gift.

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Rainfall . . . 2.08 ins.	Dublin . . . 4.44 ins.
Sunshine . . . 117 hrs.	Tynemouth . . 3.18 ins.
Wet days . . . 11	Falmouth . . . 3.14 ins.
Dry days . . . 19	Liverpool . . . 3.11 ins.
Coldest day . . . 5th	Southampton . 1.65 ins.
Warmest . 16th, 19th	Aberdeen . . . 0.90 ins.

A PILLAR OF FIRE

Blaze That Lasted Two Years

GAS BOTTLED UP IN AN OILFIELD

After over two years of persistent effort the engineers have at last succeeded in extinguishing one of the world's record conflagrations.

An oil well was being drilled at Moreni, Rumania, in the early summer of 1929 when the drill entered a layer of highly-compressed gas.

The gas blew up through the hole with a rush, sending drill, stones, and dirt high into the air. Then a terrible thing happened. Sparks caused by stones striking metal set light to the gas and a pillar of fire blazed above the oilfield, so high that it could be seen from Bucharest, 70 miles distant, and so luminous that the people of Moreni were able to read their newspapers by its light.

A Series of Craters

Explosion followed explosion, and the original hole became surrounded by a number of craters as if it were a real volcano. Every kind of effort was made to put out the fire, and several lives were lost. A series of tunnels were dug to draw off the gas before it reached the open air, but these at first only lessened the height of the flame. Then an American came across the Atlantic and tried to dynamite the fire out, but he, too, failed.

The engineers finally went back to their tunnelling method, which eventually reduced the pressure so much that the fire went out.

Even then their difficulties were not ended, as gas was still leaking, and they had to pump dirt and water at high pressure into the openings before they could confine the gas in the earth.

A BRILLIANT CAREER CUT SHORT

Christopher D'Aeth Dies on a Lonely Island

Only last July the Oxford University Expedition led by Mr Hugh Clutterbuck, the well-known Arctic traveller, set out full of high hopes for Hudson Strait to make an important survey and to carry out other scientific work.

One of the keenest of the organisers of the expedition was a young Lancashire man, Mr Christopher J. D'Aeth, who had taken his Oxford finals in Natural Science only that month and was accompanying the expedition as ornithologist. This was a big honour, for he was only 22.

But the brilliant career of which he seemed to be on the threshold will never be achieved. News has come that Christopher D'Aeth lost his life in a snowstorm on Akpatok Island, Ungava Bay, on September 15. It is believed that he was caught in a sudden blizzard and was unable to find his way back to the camp in the blinding snow. Like Scott and many other brave men he is one of the great company who have given their lives in the exploration of the unknown parts of the world.

Until this year Akpatok Island had never been investigated or surveyed, although it is well known to Eskimo walrus hunters from Chimo and other fur-trading posts who go there every summer. The lonely island is forty miles long and ten miles wide. The valuable work done by the expedition was almost finished when the sad accident cast a gloom on their homecoming.

A bridge of concrete with a span of 222 feet and reinforced by 180 tons of steel has been opened to traffic on the road between Colwyn Bay and Llanddulas.

THE DANGER TRAIL

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

Derek Fair's home is in Bolivia, where his father has a ranch. They have a visitor staying with them named Monty Kane.

While rescuing a drowning Indian, Derek and his friend Tod Milligan make an enemy of Carbajal, a rich mine owner. That night there is a heavy fall of cliff, and the Fair's land is flooded.

CHAPTER 3

Carbajal Calls

MONTY KANE pushed the canoe off and picked up a paddle. "It's that rock-fall you fellows heard last night," he said. "It looks as if it had dammed the canyon pretty badly."

Derek looked across the newly-made lake and frowned.

"It's banking up pretty fast," he muttered uncomfortably. "Are we going to be drowned out, Monty?"

"That's what we have to find out," Monty answered. "No, don't paddle down the middle. Get across to the far side."

"What's the idea?" Tod asked.

"You'll see the idea before you're much older," replied Monty, in his quiet way. With three paddles working the canoe was soon across the wide expanse of water.

"Keep close to the bank," Monty urged.

The boys were puzzled but obeyed, and the canoe drove swiftly along close under the bank. The lake narrowed as they neared the mouth of the Pass. All of a sudden the canoe seemed to leap forward.

"The bank," snapped Monty. "Quickly!"

With a tremendous stroke he turned the bow in toward the bank and ran the canoe ashore. "Out with you!" he ordered, and out they jumped.

"Look at the water!" gasped Tod.

"And a good thing you're looking at it from the bank and not from the canoe," remarked Monty dryly.

"My word, you're right," Derek answered as he gazed at the long lines of foam which streaked past. "She's going out like a bath with the plug pulled."

"Dam's burst," said Tod briefly. "Monty, I'm glad you were skipping this outfit."

Monty laughed. "After all, I'm an engineer. I knew that sooner or later the weight of the water would break down the dam. But it wouldn't be healthy to be caught in a flood, like that."

Tod turned to Derek. "I'm surely pleased we didn't meet this on our way home yesterday. It must be raving down over the rapids."

"I'm glad it's going out," said Derek. "I began to think the whole valley would be swamped."

"Which," said Monty, "is just what may happen if there's a really big fall of rock. As soon as this has run down I want to have a good look at those cliffs."

The water raced away at astonishing speed so that within half an hour the river was back in its old channel, and they were able to launch the canoe again and go down into the Gates. Monty spent nearly an hour examining the cliffs and his face was grave when he had finished.

"The rocks are rotten," was his verdict.

"There might be a big fall any time. Derek, I'm going to tell your father that the only way to make the valley safe will be to pipe the river through the White Gates."

"But that will cost a heap," said Derek, looking rather blue.

"It'll be an expensive job, but the cost, of course, would be shared by all the families in the valley."

He told Mr Fair of his plan, and next day a council was held at the Fair's house. Tod's father was there, and Mr Jarvis, the old bachelor who owned the next place, as well as Mrs Houghton and her eldest son Jim, who farmed the upper end of the valley. Monty Kane had worked out a rough estimate, which came to twelve thousand dollars.

"We can never raise that," said Mr Fair. "Never's a long time," drawled Mr Milligan. "We might raise it in a year or two. Is it urgent, Mr Kane?"

"The fall might come next month or there might not be a fall for five years," began Monty, and broke off. "Who the dickens is this?" he asked as a brown-faced man stepped up on the verandah where they were talking.

"It's Carbajal," whispered Mr Fair.

The Spaniard lifted his sombrero. "Good-day, Señores," he said, but though his words were courteous there was a sneer on his hard face.

"Good-day to you, Señor Carbajal," replied Derek's father. "Can I offer you refreshment?"

"It is not refreshment for which I come, Señor Fair. It is money."

Mr Fair's eyebrows lifted.

"I was not aware that we were in your debt, Señor."

"I have come to tell you that you are. The flood that you loosed yesterday has swept away my landing-stage and my boats. The damage done is five hundred dollars."

Mr Fair was the most peaceable of men but this cool demand made him angry.

"The flood was none of our doing, Señor. It was caused by a fall of cliff."

"A fall which occurred on your property," replied Carbajal. "Therefore you are responsible."

Monty Kane spoke up.

"Don't talk nonsense," he said bluntly. "You might as well hold us responsible for a thunderstorm or an earthquake."

Carbajal's dark eyes glittered dangerously but Mr Fair put out his hand.

"It's all right, Monty. I am quite capable of keeping my end up with this—gentleman."

Carbajal's eyes flashed. "Are you capable of paying?" he sneered.

"Quite," said Mr Fair. "But I have no intention of doing anything of the kind. Good-day, Señor."

The cool contempt in his voice drove Carbajal frantic. He made a sudden rush. Like a flash Monty thrust out a long leg and Carbajal, tripping over it, sprawled headlong off the verandah. He fell flat into a clump of scarlet-flowered cactus growing below, and the spines of cactus are sharp.

It was too much for Jim Houghton. He burst into a shout of laughter, and most of the others joined in. Carbajal picked himself up, and if ever stark rage was written on a human face it was on his. His eyes, black and glittering as those of a poisonous snake, roved over the group on the verandah.

"For this," he hissed, "I will ruin you all." He turned and stalked away toward his boat, which was at the landing.

CHAPTER 4

Kespi Smells Trouble

THREE weeks passed, then one evening the man who was sent once a week to San Guilio for the mail rode into the valley with his leather pouch full of letters and papers, and made his first stop at the Fair's house.

"English mail, Dad," cried Derek, as he came into his father's office with his hands full. "May I have the papers?"

"Yes, take them along, lad, and leave me to read my letters."

Derek went off with the papers which he shared up with the rest of the family. They were all busy reading when suddenly Mr Fair came into the sitting-room. Mrs Fair glanced up then rose quickly to her feet.

"What is the matter, Jack?" she exclaimed. "You are ill."

"No, no! But I have had a letter which has upset me. It is from Carbajal!"

"Carbajal, Dad. What's he done?" asked Derek quickly.

"It is not what he has done, but what he is going to do. He has a lease of the whole valley from the Government."

"A lease of the valley," repeated Mrs Fair. "How can that be? The land is ours. We have bought and paid for it."

"We bought it for farming. We forgot about the mining rights."

"I don't understand, Dad," said Derek.

Mr Fair pulled himself together.

"In this country mining rights rank higher than agricultural. What has happened is this. Carbajal has applied for and obtained a charter to turn the whole valley into a reservoir and use the water power for making electricity to run his gold mine at Piaquari."

Derek went white. "But he'll have to buy us out," he insisted.

"He buys us out at the price of unimproved land. We don't get a penny for our houses, stables, fences, or any of our improvements. This"—he held up the letter—"is notice to quit."

There was a dead silence. Mrs Fair dropped back into her chair and covered her face with her hands. But Derek's lips tightened. "It's blackmail," he said.

"It's revenge. That man will never forgive us for the way in which he was humiliated before us all. I doubt if it would be possible to buy him off, even if we had the money."

"Don't give up," Derek begged. "Ah, here's Monty. He'll know what to do."

But Monty Kane, when he heard what had happened, could only shake his head.

"It's revenge, of course, Derek, as your father says. He's mad to ruin us all. And he has the law on his side."

Continued on the next page



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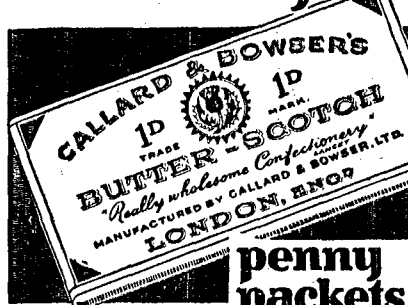
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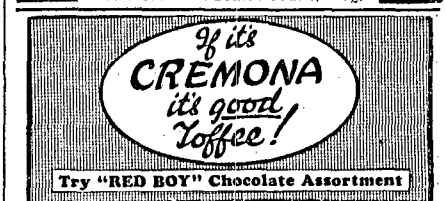
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Derek felt an icy chill. He had been banking on Monty; if he could not help no one could. "Can't you suggest anything?" he begged.

Monty looked at him. "The only hope I can see is to buy his mine."

"Buy his mine? That's an idea."

"An idea and nothing more. Revenge is worth more to a fellow like that than money; I doubt if he would sell to us for any price."

"But couldn't you get some friend to offer for it?"

"I might, Derek, but we should have to pay whatever price Carbajal asked."

"Anything would be better than giving up our homes," said Derek earnestly.

"And I'm sure Tod and his father would say the same."

"The boy's right, Monty," said Mr Fair. "Will you try?"

"Of course I'll try. I'll be off tomorrow and see what I can do."

He went, and the settlers in the valley waited in miserable suspense. They could not play and it hardly seemed worth while to work. A week passed, then came a telegram from Monty.

"Fifty thousand is his price."

Mr Fair let the paper flutter from his fingers. "Fifty thousand," he repeated dully. "He might as well ask a million. If we mortgaged all we have we could not raise more than half the money."

Derek stole out of the room. He could not bear to see the faces of his father and mother.

Tod was waiting outside for news and Derek told him. Tod never said a word, but there was a look on his face that Derek did not like.

No one ate much supper that night. They were all too miserable. Afterwards Derek went out on to the verandah and sat in a hammock, swinging his legs and thinking. But no amount of thought seemed to help him. There was no way out. Yet it nearly broke his heart to think that all the years of hard work that his father and mother had put into this place were to go for nothing. The house, the out-buildings, the corral, the garden, all their acres of rich grass land were to be ruined and drowned just because an evil-tempered dago had taken a dislike to them.

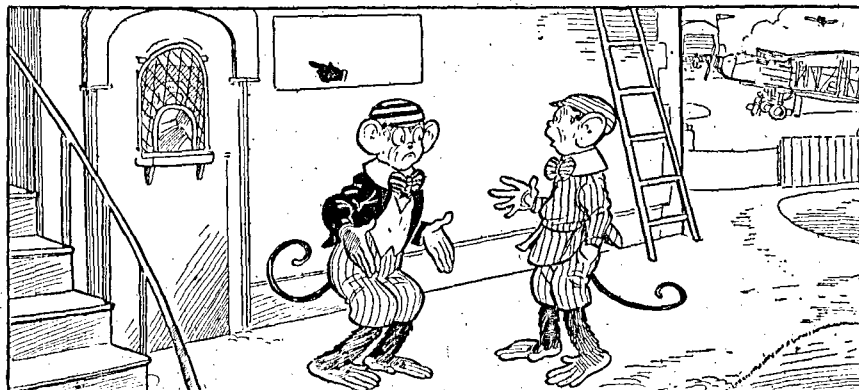
Continued in the last column

JACKO PAYS HIS FULL SHARE

ONE day when Jacko received an unexpected half-holiday he rushed off to Chimp with a fine suggestion.

"Let's go on the roof-terrace at the Aerodrome," he cried. "We can watch all the flights from there for twopence."

"Right-oh!" answered Chimp. "We'll race to see who can get there first."



They hadn't a penny between them

But at the staircase leading to the terrace both boys pulled up. Each waited for the other to get to the pay-box first!

"Whew!" whistled Jacko. "I haven't a penny on me!"

"Neither have I," retorted Chimp.

The boys stared gloomily at one another for a minute. Then Jacko spied a ladder propped against a wall.

"Look!" he cried. "Here's the very thing!" And up he darted, with Chimp on his heels. This, they found, led on to a balcony which had nothing to do with the terrace.

Very soon the excitement began.

"Coo! this is thrilling!" grinned

Jacko as the aeroplanes roared by.

But the hours flew by as well.

Chimp had quite a shock when he heard a clock strike five.

"Help!" he exclaimed, scrambling down the ladder, "I ought to be at my music lesson."

Jacko stayed on till the flights were all over; and then he discovered he was feeling very hungry.

But, alas! a shock was in store for him. When he went to find the ladder it had disappeared!

"What on earth shall I do?" he groaned, gazing wildly about.

But no one was in sight round that side of the building.

At last, after a dreary wait, the pay-box clerk appeared.

Jacko heartily wished it had been anyone else. "Hi! Mister!" he called. "Would you mind giving me a helping hand? Someone's moved the ladder."

The man was very angry. "I'll give you more than that," he shouted, putting back the ladder.

And when Jacko reached the ground he was as good as his word.

Suddenly a figure appeared in front of him. There was no sound of its coming. One moment it was not there, the next it was. Derek caught his breath.

"You no be frightened," came a quiet voice. "I Kespi."

"Kespi," repeated Derek. "I thought you were miles away with your people. What brings you here?"

"I smell bad trouble," replied the old Cacique. "I not forget you save Kespi's life. So I come."

"You're right about the trouble, Kespi," said Derek. "It couldn't well be worse. And it's jolly good of you to come, but I'm afraid it's beyond you or anyone to help us."

"Suppose you tell," said Kespi briefly; and Derek, glad of a sympathetic listener, told what had happened.

"I tell you him Carbajal bad man," said Kespi when Derek had finished. "Some day he come to bad end."

"He probably will," said Derek, "but he'll ruin us first."

Kespi seemed to be thinking.

"You say him want fifty thousand pesos for him mine?" he said presently.

"That's his price, but we can't begin to raise a sum like that. So there's nothing for it but to pack up and clear out."

Again Kespi did some thinking.

"How long time you have before you pay money?" he asked at last.

"Dad said the law gave us three months." "Three moons. Him time. I give you money."

Derek stared. "You don't understand, Kespi. Fifty thousand pesos—ten thousand English pounds."

Kespi nodded. "I know. Him two mule loads of gold."

Derek said nothing. He could not have spoken if he had tried. Here was this ragged old Indian talking of two mule loads of gold as calmly as if they were two loads of coke, yet the strange thing was that Derek never doubted him. Kespi went on.

"You go make ready. Take him poncho, for him cold in hills."

"Do you mean we are to start now—at once?" Derek managed to ask.

"We go now, in dark, so no one see."

"But Tod, we can't leave him behind."

"Him know. Him waiting," Kespi answered quietly.

TO BE CONTINUED

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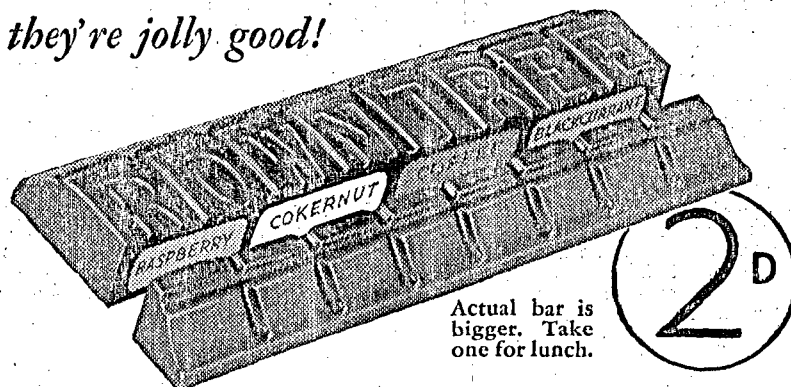
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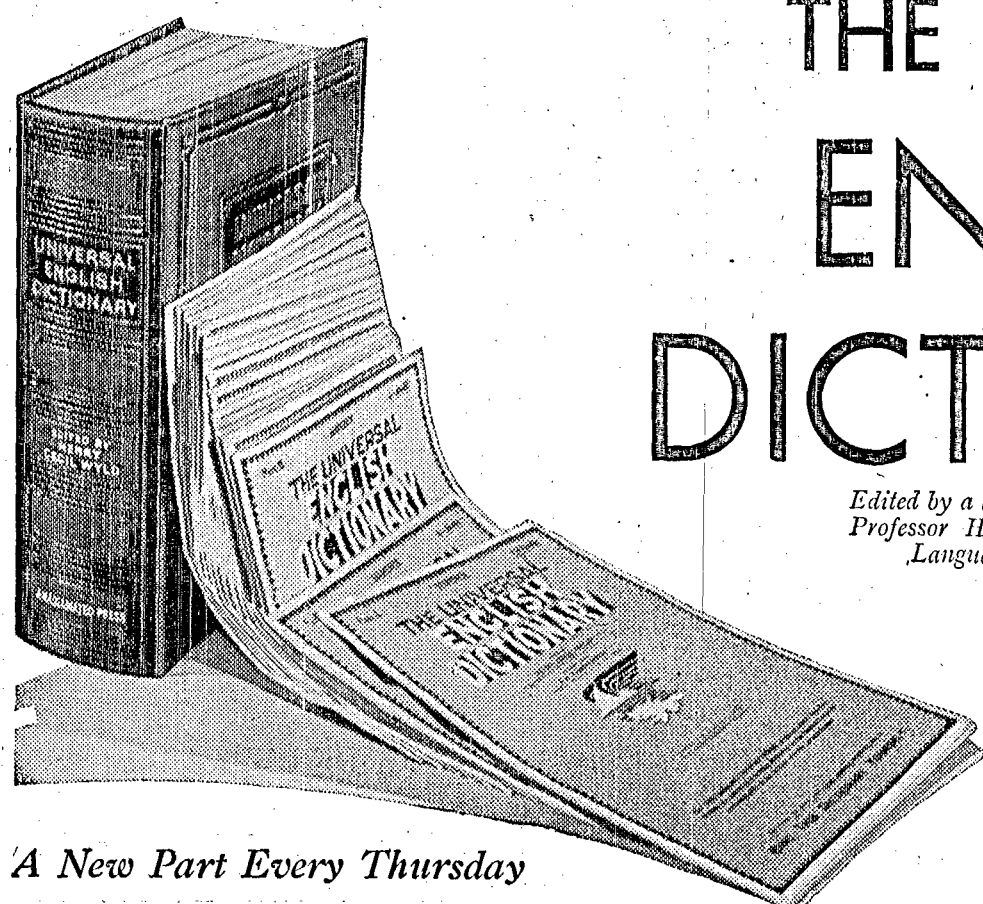
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THE BRAN TUB

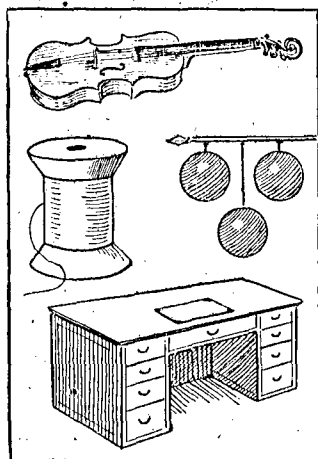
Forming Squares

WHEN the boys in a certain school assembled each morning they were able to form themselves into a solid square. But one day a new boy came and then they were able to form into thirteen smaller squares.

How many boys were there?

Answer next week

A Picture Puzzle



WHEN the names of these four objects are written down it will be seen that the first two letters of the words spell the name of a place that is becoming very popular.

Answer next week

The Ancients Were Modern

Women in Parliament. When Lady Astor, the first woman to sit in the British House of Commons, took her seat in 1919 it was hailed as a great victory for her sex. Actually, in the days of the Roman Empire there was a woman among the senators. She was Soaenia, a lady of high birth, who sat beside the Consuls, took part in the work of the Senate, and voted when laws were passed.

What Country Is This?

IN the grime but not in the soot. In the slipper but not in the boot. In the finest but not in the worst. In the latter but not in the first. In the lamb but not in the beef. In the corn but not in the sheaf. In the good but not in the best. Complete, it's an island in the West.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



La fourchette Le renard Le jet d'eau
La fourchette n'a que deux dents.
Le renard est un animal très rusé.
Nous admirons ce beau jet d'eau.

Spills From the Garden

WHEN the perennial plants like Michaelmas daisies, chrysanthemums, and so on, have done flowering it is usual to cut down the stems. These should not be thrown away as useless, for they will make splendid spills.

Trim off the thin side shoots from the stems and then tie the stems into bundles and put them aside to dry, when they can be cut into suitable lengths for the spills. These spills give a clear, steady light for quite a long time.

An Hour-Glass Problem

A FULL hour-glass, that runs out in one hour, is allowed to run for 55 minutes and then turned. It is subsequently turned at intervals of 50 minutes.

When will it run out?

Answer next week

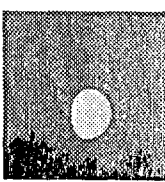
Departing Guests

COOTS are now assembling in flocks. The autumn migration to the South begins this month, the flights being made at night.

The coot is a connecting link between the wading and the web-footed birds. It has formidable hooked claws which it uses when attacked. It is distinguished by a curious bare white patch on its forehead.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Jupiter is in the South-East. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West and Uranus is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, October 21.



Heads and Tails

THEY use me whole to carry glass, I later to my sender pass; Behead me and I am the speed At which you run or walk or read; Now take my tail off, you will find An animal you have to mind; Behead again, restore my tail, I hope at lunch you did not fail; Cut off my tail again, and that Will show exactly where I'm at; Again remove my tail, and lo! A smaller word you could not show.

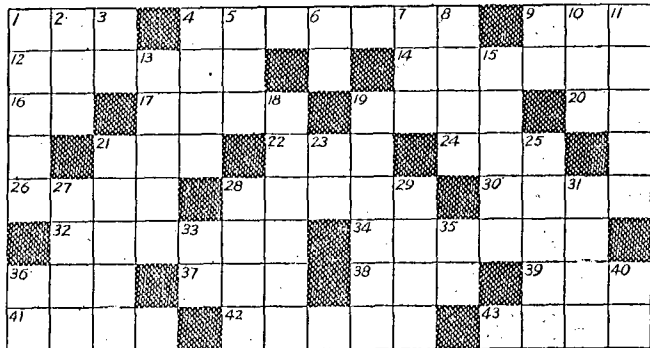
Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Diagonal Acrostic A Juggle With Nines
C L E A T 9+9=9
B R U S H Head and Tail
C H A I N Smart, mart, mar
P O U N D A Charade
S T I L E Light-house

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Ocean. 4. Learned. 9. To urge on. 12. Photographic apparatus. 14. Church festival. 16. Heraldic term for gold. 17. Crafts. 19. Ended. 20. Trade Union.* 21. Donkey. 22. A black, viscid fluid. 24. To strike with a gentle blow. 26. Domesticated. 28. Pertaining to the Sun. 30. Gold coin formerly used in England. 32. A precious metal. 34. Loud sounds. 36. Part of a bridge. 37. French unit of square measure. 38. Member of the feline tribe. 39. Part of a pen. 41. Remunerates. 42. Geological term for a ridge of sand. 43. The first man.

Reading Down. 1. One sent out to gain information. 2. Part of the head. 3. Morning.* 4. Transgresses. 5. A rodent. 6. French for of. 7. A beverage. 8. Where the Sun rises. 9. Latin for and. 10. Obtain. 11. A kind of broth. 13. Stand for a blackboard. 15. Heavenly bodies. 18. Hoards. 19. To ride ostentatiously. 21. Friendship. 23. Chemical symbol for aluminium. 25. The sharp edge of a hammer. 27. A continent. 28. To wither. 29. To bellow. 31. Adjoins Europe. 33. Virginia.* 35. Pronoun. 36. The Chief Scout.* 40. British Museum.*

Dr MERRYMAN

Every Little Helps

THE one train which called at Slocombe each day was the pride of the inhabitants. "You're early today," said a farmer to the guard of the train. "Yes; we had the wind behind us," said the guard.

Number Engaged

THEY had just been put on the new automatic telephone at home.

"I don't think much of the idea," said the son of the house in disgust.

"And why not?" queried Father. "Well, today I set it to our number and could get no reply."

Stung



WHILE slipping away from her Nan

A girl in a nettle-bed ran.
She cried in a fright
"These flowers all bite!
Oh! please get me out if you can."

The Good Old Days

THE mistress of the house was interviewing a maid.

"And you tell me that you have had six places in six months?" she said.

"Yes, mum," replied the girl; "it seems as if the days of the good mistress are over."

Quite Useless to Her

THE flapper's brother was teaching her to drive a car.

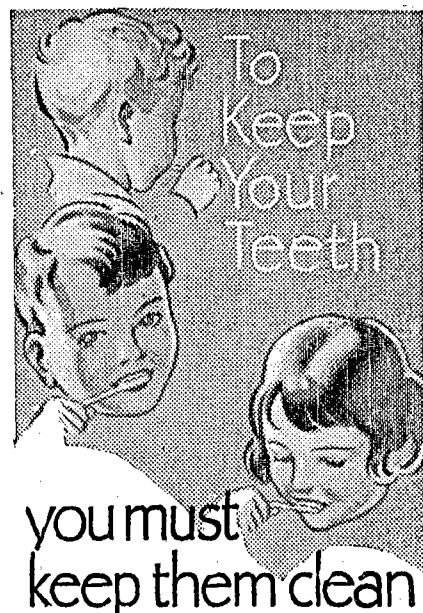
"Jack," she complained, "that little mirror by the side of the windscreen is in the wrong position. I can only see the traffic that's coming from behind."

Ambiguous

THE lady was giving in her order at the grocer's shop.

"And, by the way," she said, "three of those eggs you sent last week were bad. I should have returned them for you to see."

"That's quite all right, madam," said the shopkeeper, "your word is as good as the eggs."



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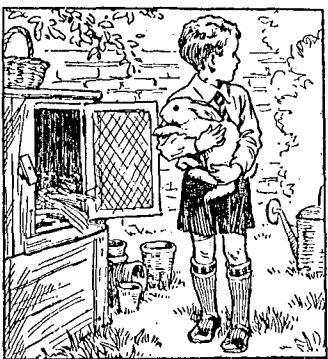
TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

NIGEL's parents were abroad, so he was living with his uncle in the country. Uncle Bob did not like Nigel to have his friends in to play; he said boys did such damage in a garden, and Uncle Bob was very particular about his flowers.

However, he let Nigel keep his white rabbit Floppy, which lived in a big hutch and was so tame that Nigel could let him out on the lawn. But of course Floppy was only allowed free on condition that Nigel watched him and never allowed him to stray on to the flower beds.

This afternoon Uncle Bob was taking his nephew to the circus for a treat, and Nigel was so anxious to be off that

he did not know what to do to pass the time. So he took Floppy out on to the lawn and lay and watched his rabbit.



His uncle was calling

bit cropping the clover. The sun made him quite sleepy. He rolled over and shut his eyes. Soon he was fast asleep.

NIGEL HAS A BAD MOMENT

Suddenly he sat up with a start. Where was Floppy? There was no sign of him on the lawn; then something white moved in one of the flower-beds. Nigel fled across to the begonia bed, and there was Floppy, his jaws munching busily!

Poor Nigel was terribly upset. Uncle Bob prized his begonias more than anything in the garden, and now in the patch behind the pansies was nothing but brown soil. There was not a trace of the begonias Nigel had seen there yesterday—and it was all his fault for falling asleep. What would Uncle Bob say? Perhaps he wouldn't take him to the circus; perhaps he would send Floppy away.

Nigel carried Floppy back to his hutch sadly.

Then he jumped, for he heard his uncle calling him.

"Uncle," said Nigel, "I had Floppy out on the lawn and then I think I must have gone to sleep, because when I woke he was on the begonia bed. I'm afraid he's eaten all your begonias."

"What!" cried Uncle Bob.

"Which bed?"

Nigel pointed.

"Oh, that's all right, then," said his uncle, with a laugh.

"Biggs moved all those begonias to the greenhouse this morning. Now come along, old man, or we shall be late."

Nigel's relief was so great he could not speak; and he set off happily for the circus.